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"BEGINNING TO SINK."

BY H. H.

ASKING no help, but confident
In strength which is our own,
We walk life's seas, as once one went,
Undoubting and alone,
Across the waves, with unshod feet,
In boldest haste his Lord to meet,
And did not once of prayer think
Until he was "beginning to sink."

Oh, gentle Christ, whose loving eyes
Such constant watches keep,
Seeing how high the waters rise
While we are fast asleep,
Knowing how readily we will tread
Their treacherous path without a dread,
And never once of prayer think
Until we are "beginning to sink,"

Oh, teach our hearts how much more sweet
And precious unto Thee
Would be our coming to Thy feet
In true humility,
From first to last, in lowly shame,
Calling, trusting on Thy great name,
Crossing life's seas from brink to brink,
And never once "beginning to sink."

A SHEEP'S-HEAD, AND THE MORAL THEREOF.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS,

PRINCIPAL OF THE MICHIGAN INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AND THE BLIND.

FISHING is one of those amusements that have a peculiar charm for school-boys, and not unfrequently for those who have been many years out of school. Young cattle that have been shut up in the stable during the winter, yea, and even hard-worked old horses, get uneasy as spring approaches. They become restless and impatient of restraint, and long before there is a single green thing for them to nibble they manifest a strong desire to get to the ground.

A feeling akin to this sometimes comes over even sedate men. They become uneasy without knowing exactly what the matter is; and, being too staid and sober to do over again the coltish antics of their boyhood, their malady culminates in a fever to go a fishing.

Now your true disciple of good Izaak Walton, of pious memory, is generally both meditative and sanguine. He is meditative, because the very nature of his amusement makes it necessary to sit quietly beneath the blue arch of heaven, either on or beside the water, where meditation is almost inevitable, and where it is often wondrously fascinating. He is also sanguine, for how else could he sit hour after hour, and throw out, if not precept upon precept, at least line upon line, with only a faith that often is literally "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen," or likely to be seen, to encourage him? How often is the good fisherman doomed to disappointment; and yet who ever knew him to lose faith in his chances of success, even though sun, wind, and tide were ever so unfavorable. He is never discouraged by an empty basket. He loves fishing just as the old Greek philosophers loved abstract truth—not for its practical value, but for its own inherent excellence. Fishermen, we think, have some opportunities for the cultivation of their moral natures that ought to be of use to them. How often do they meet with adventures that open up rich topics of thought to one disposed to moralize, and time out of mind ye honest fisherman has been of a moralizing turn. One summer vacation, when the long days began to be irksome, we were once fired with piscatorial enthusiasm, and in due season we met with such an adventure as we have just referred to. We had rowed long and patiently, close to every bed of rushes and along the outskirts of every bayou far and near, in the vain hope of tempting some hungry pickerel to make a luage upon a spoon-hook.

It is said that Aaron Burr, when once interrogated by an anxious friend about his eternal interests, evasively answered, "On that subject I am coy." He could not have heed more coy, more non-committal than the fish were on that hot July day. Not one could be prevailed upon to divert from his retreat and seize the glittering but deadly temptation. Spoon victuals were evidently at a discount in the watery world.

Hitching the boat to a dock, we took refuge in what is technically called "still fishing"; perhaps so called because the conditions of success are that you *keep still*, and keep perpetually at it. Winding up the trolling line, we took, instead thereof, a rod, and dropped into the water a hook baited with a worm; and soon experienced that most delightful sensation, a palpable bite. After some pleasurable reeling in, however, of a bacchanal character), not a fine large bass, "black but comely," was drawn to the top of the water and landed into the boat. Truly, thought we, our line has "fallen in pleasant places." Patience had its perfect work for the next half hour. There was just nibbling enough to keep our courage up, and then came the reward of the sublime virtue. There was a pull from the depths that would have made old Izaak Walton himself nervous. Yard after yard of line was paid out; and, as there was ever pleasure in paying out anything fast, it was in paying out that line. Fiercely did the captive struggle, but in vain.

An impulsive Irishman, while hunting, once fired his gun at a rabbit, and by mistake brought down an unfortunate jackass that was grazing in a neighboring field. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed he, "and sure and I've kilt the father of all the rabbits." Seen indistinctly through the greenish water of the Saginaw River, our captive seemed, indeed, the father of all the bass. How the slender rod bent as he sputtered for a moment upon the surface, and then turned tail and dove madly for the bottom. In due season, however, we floated him alongside the boat, thinking all the while that we must

"Take him up tenderly,
Lift him with care,"

or he would surely get away, and go where no writ of *Habeas Corpus* would ever produce him. Gently we let out line, and soon landed him in the boat.

Job had three friends to condole with him in the day of humiliation. We had but one, and he now came forward to inspect our prize.

Job could have got along just as well without his three friends. So could we without ours. In fact, as the real state of the case became apparent, we felt, with Jeff. Davis, that "all we wanted was to be let alone." Our friend, however, a thoroughly accomplished sportsman, blandly remarked that "he had never seen just such a fish as that before." Neither had we, nor do we ever wish to again. What was it? Evidently it was no bass. The smart, gamey look of that delicious fish was not there. We appealed for information to a vagabond Indian, who had just then paddled alongside to see the wonder, and he informed us that our big trophy was called a sheep's-head, and with a grin in which pity and contempt seemed struggling for the mastery he also told us that it was good for nothing.

Now Webster says that a sheep's-head is a fish caught on the shores of Connecticut and Long Island, and that it is esteemed delicious food. How to account for this discrepancy in statements we know not. Perhaps proximity to the land of steady habits may impart something of excellence even to the fishes of the sea; or it may be that the sheep's-head of staid old Connecticut, when once it has wandered into Western waters, changes its whole character and becomes utterly good for nothing—just as some human beings, trained up in the most proper manner, become worse than worthless when they go away from home and settle out West.

Æsop supplements each of his fables with the unvarying formula, "*Hoc fabula docet*"; which, freely translated, means "this is the moral thereof." Seneca has compared life to a voyage, and Cole has given immortality to that conception on his canvas. We do not suppose that either Cole or Seneca had any idea of comparing life to anything so unpoetical as a fishing voyage; and yet we fancy that we can say truthfully, if not poetically, that myriads of anxious human beings fish for years in life's turbid waters, and catch nothing better than sheep's-heads.

Your avaricious man, for instance. What does he fish for but gold-fish? And not unfrequently he *hooks* his golden prize in a far less creditable manner than he of the rod and line. Perchance he begins life penniless. He throws out a line here and another there. His trembling fingers hang on to all that comes within their grasp. Like shark's-teeth, they receive everything; but they let nothing get out without getting badly bitten. Wealth is accumulated. And, when unrighteously gotten, it brings with it a perverted moral nature and a jaded, ruined body; and, at last, when the avaricious man thinks he has caught a gold-fish (wondrous transformation!), it proves to be only a miscrable sheep's-head—gilded, to be sure, but no better for that.

There is an old saw which runs in these words: "There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught out of it." And this saw is often quoted by persons a little past the dew of their youth, but still single. It is sometimes quoted in much the same spirit that the fox pronounced the grapes sour, and yet it is true enough. There are still plenty of fish in the literal sea and in the sea figurative, and there are also sheep's-heads in abundance; and it is perfectly lamentable how many fair but deluded "fishers of men" will, after patient waiting, draw to themselves what they fancy a splendid catch, and find it only a sheep's-head, not worth the bait they have wasted. And the worst of it is they are usually in the boat for life, with a sheep's-head for company. They cannot throw him overboard, and try their luck again, unless they are so fortunate as to live in Chicago; and even there it costs something. Disappointment has been the lot of all mankind, and it always will be. Every day some eager individual, flushed with hope, pulls in some long-coveted prize—or, rather, what he supposes to be one—and finds himself badly sold; though it is not every one who is frank enough to tell of it, for most people prefer to keep such disappointments to themselves. Happy is he who can laugh when his affairs are "out of kilter," and do not turn out at all as they promised; and who, even when he has caught a sheep's-head, can receive the never-failing compliments and congratulations of admiring friends with philosophic composure.

HOSTILITY TO THE CHINESE.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

A SHORT time since, a shoe manufacturer in North Adams, Massachusetts, (needing more workmen than he could obtain in his locality at fair wages, owing to a dictatorial combination), sent to San Francisco for "seventy-five steady, active, and intelligent Chinamen, such as are quick to learn a trade," and entered into a satisfactory contract with them for three years' services. Forthwith he was fiercely denounced and menaced, and for a time evidently in great personal danger. The most inflammatory appeals were made to the working-classes generally to resist, as for their lives, the introduction of this kind of labor, as calculated to materially lessen their wages, if not utterly to deprive them of employment. Political demagogues essayed to make it a favorable occasion to bring grist to their mill. The infection entered Congress, which body disgracefully proceeded to amend, or rather to keep in operation the old pro-slavery naturalization law, so that no Chinaman, whether here or coming among us, can ever become a *bona-fide* citizen of the United States, however desirous of doing so, and no matter what his intelligence, pecuniary condition, usefulness, or patriotism—a law which liberty execrates and justice repels as violative of the equal rights of human brotherhood. Even the pulpit, as well as the press, in some instances, gave indulgence to unseemly and certainly most unchristian denunciation of the Chinese as a barbarous and idolatrous race, whose presence among us, in any considerable numbers, is to be regarded with disgust and alarm, as imperiling all that we hold dear, even the stability of our holy religion itself! With this aroused selfishness was mingled no small measure of cant and hypocrisy about the horrible Coolie traffic; as if that traffic had anything to do with all this outcry, which began with the North Adams experiment, and which means utter hostility to all Chinese immigration to this country, however intelligent and voluntary.

Now, if there was ever an illustration of a tempest in a tea-pot, or of a mole-hill magnified to the dimensions of a first-class mountain, it is seen in this instance. Mr. Sampson, the North Adams contractor, simply asserted his unquestionable right as an employer, as against a brow-beating and exacting combination, to obtain laborers as best he could in the broad field of industrial wants. For doing this in so fair and quiet a manner he deserves great credit, and will in the end be sure to receive it. Be it observed that he did not send to China to induce the needed workmen to come over and engage in his service, though he might have done so without giving any just occasion for complaint; for thousands of Germans, Scandinavians, Englishmen, Irishmen, etc., have been contracted for on their native soil, before reaching these shores, and no valid reason can be given why Chinamen should not be as freely induced to add their skill and labor to our capital stock, to the development of our unlimited resources, and the consequent expansion and prosperity of the republic. The laborers he engaged were residents of San Francisco, quietly pursuing whatever employment they had been able to find. Offering them better wages than they were then getting, they evinced their good sense and thrifty disposition by accepting his overture; and to this hour both parties are abundantly satisfied. Certainly, the contract concerns none but themselves. It was made at a common risk, in the usual manner, and under lawful conditions; and it is equally absurb and impertinent for any to inveigh against it.

The peculiarity of the excitement created by this movement is, it rages most intensely among those who are themselves foreigners; who have no better right to residence or employment here than the Chinese; who would be summarily ejected from the land if their own proscriptive policy toward this class were enforced in accordance with their wishes; who brought with them an amount of destitution, ignorance, and degradation, as a mass, sufficient to make out a case for their expulsion, if any such could be found; and whose enlightenment it is no easy matter to achieve. Especially is this true of the Irish, who seem to regard two countries as entirely their own—namely, the one from which they came, and the other to which they have come. They went in a mass against negro emancipation, on the ground that the liberated bondmen would flock to the North, and successfully compete with them in the labor market; just as they are now arrayed against Chinese immigration for a similar reason. But even they have seen the folly of their selfish fears in regard to the Southern freedmen; and it is no less signal in the present instance.

A fair field to capital and labor, and no favors! Our national domains are ample to receive the population of the globe. We have not ten persons to the square mile; Belgium has five hundred, and flourishes. Our ports are open to all comers, so far as legitimate and voluntary immigration is concerned. Like charity, the act is twice blessed; for in the sequel, in spite of attending drawbacks and temporary perils, the general welfare is thereby enlarged and secured. We call ourselves Americans; but we are fast becoming cosmopolitan, not to our disadvantage, but to the gain of mankind. What constitutes our real glory is not simply what it is possible for us to become, but what we have already done. All the nations of the earth are more or less strongly represented on our soil, and we are still attracting their oppressed and laboring millions by an irresistible magnetic power. Still let them come, to the welcoming of all, to the exclusion of none; or, if preference be shown to any, let it be to the class or race most needing to be raised in the scale of civilization and Christianity. Here there is an abundance of food; here scope for industry, enterprise, and invention to any extent; here almost every variety of climate, from the arctic to the tropical; here are millions upon millions of acres to be cultivated; here inexhaustible mineral riches to be extracted; here mechanical and manufacturing possibilities beyond computation; here the means of popular enlightenment on the broadest foundation; and here the freest institutions to be found in the world. What a change has been effected in the condition of the millions who have sought these shores in quest of food for the body, light for the mind, and equal rights before the laws! They have thus saved a vast amount of foreign missionary labor and expense, and enabled our nation to be the educational school of the world.

True, such a continual influx of foreign destitution and ignorance presents a formidable aspect, and occasionally gives rise to serious apprehensions, even in thoughtful minds, lest the burden be heavier than we can bear, and the strain greater than our constitutional safeguards can resist; but it affords us alike the opportunity and the incentive to make our educational facilities equal to every emergency, and is a constant appeal to our moral and philanthropic activities in behalf of those who need all possible assistance. Let us have faith in universal liberty and impartial justice, come what may. Let us be true to the principles we profess in respect to the rights and claims of human nature, and we need not fear the result. We have nothing to fear but our own cowardice, selfishness, and recreancy to duty. Giving ourselves nobly to the task of making of this nation one people in all that relates to virtuous liberty, and abolishing all caste distinctions, we shall not only be safely carried through every trial, but abundantly favored of Heaven.

To the craven plea that the Chinese are idolaters, and therefore must not be allowed to settle among us to the peril of Christianity, no other reply need be made than that it presents an excellent reason for extending to them the largest measure of hospitality—that is, if it is the mission of Christianity to overthrow idolatry; for cannot the work be far better done on our own than on a far distant shore? What shall be said of the religious faith of those who raise this outcry? What is it better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal? Why send missionaries to the ends of the earth to convert idolaters, if the chances are that it is the former who will become proselytes to the latter?

Whether the Chinese are idolaters or not they are not to be denied their share of liberty and equality under the Constitution of the United States on that account. They must take their chance with the rest, where free thought and free inquiry and free speech and the right of conscience are accorded to all. One thing is certain, they cannot be converted by persecution, but by persuasion. They are said to be remarkably docile, imitative, teachable; and, if we deal fairly and justly with them, we may reasonably hope to see them gradually assimilating to our own views of religious faith and practice. Thus far their inoffensive behavior has put their traducers to the blush. Let them be fully protected.

ECHOES OF PARIS IN TIME OF WAR.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

IMMEDIATELY after the declaration of war, there were numerous individual expressions of patriotism, of a character vastly more substantial than the mere singing of their beloved *Marseillaise* would indicate, though the French chant it never so loudly.

Thus, a notary at Paris pledged himself to give a hundred francs per day as long as the war might last.

A private gentleman of Paris promised to pay double the amount of his taxes for a similar period.

A rich manufacturer of Strasbourg offered to equip, support, and pay five thousand men, ditto.

The mayor of a neighboring town deposited in the public treasury ten thousand francs.

The French press constituted itself a committee to circulate a national subscription, and its columns displayed a flattering array of figures from day to day, with names, places of residence, etc., minutely indicated.

Somewhat later, a call was published for public meetings to be held in every ward (or *arrondissement*) of Paris, to make active arrangements for a general canvass of the city, in which not a house should remain unvisited, and to which pennies were as welcome as bank-notes. Ladies were to take a prominent part in this beneficent crusade; and the happiest results for the wounded soldiers and the friends they left behind them were predicted.

That they may be realized is certainly to be desired. It is too early to announce the result, the meetings referred to having been held only last evening. But some brief account of one of these, convened in one of the largest of the twenty-two *arrondissements* into which the city is divided, revealed a surprising lack of interest in the sanitary movement which is being inaugurated for the first time in France; where, until now, the government has been the almoner of the people's assessed contributions. At least, so said the orator of the evening, sitting comfortably in his arm-chair, in the large hall for marriages, (one of which is attached to each *Mairil* of the city), with a dim and flaring lamp on either side and *forty* persons, in listless attitude, constituting his audience. He read from a neat manuscript a couple of well-chosen anecdotes, showing how barbarous was the treatment of the wounded in former times; how far the "Grand Condé" was from holding suitable language on that subject; and how a certain duchess, of a somewhat later epoch, when told that the long war had produced famine and that hundreds of her fellow-countrymen had no bread to eat, had answered, "Then let them all eat artichokes." He then proceeded to contrast the present with the past—especially the record of America, who, in her recent war, raised forty million dollars by voluntary contribution; then pictured the horrors of the battle-field in a somewhat moving manner; and closed by stating that it was proposed to raise as large a sum as possible by canvassing every district of the city, and that twenty-five per cent. of the results would be employed in buying tobacco, alcohol, etc., for able-bodied soldiers; twenty-five for assisting families suddenly deprived of their "strong arm"; and fifty per cent. in ameliorating the condition of sick and wounded soldiers. All of which was received with moderate applause and a single cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The four ladies present then circulated the contribution-box, with what result has not yet transpired. On the whole, the meeting was rather dispiriting to the hopes of the philanthropist concerning the new and bloody field soon to be opened for Christian charity.

At nine o'clock in the evening a large detachment of the sixteenth regiment of the line arrived at the railway station for the north several hours in advance of the time fixed for their departure. A large crowd had assembled, and commenced chanting *La Marseillaise*; but, the hymn not having been heard at Paris for many years, they did not succeed in getting beyond the first couplet.

A young officer of the departing regiment, seeing their embarrassment, cried: "Ah! you know but two lines of the *Marseillaise*. I will teach you the rest." And, seizing the flag, he sprang upon a chair, and with a voice pure and vibrant he sang the song of Rouget de l'Isle even to the end. At the lines "*Amour sacré de la Patrie*" he took off his hat and clasped the flag to his breast, while ten thousand persons, bending one knee in the dust, uncovered their heads, and the full chorus, "*Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!*" resounded grandly on all sides, accompanied by a spectacle the most sublime that one can possibly imagine." (So says a French paper of recent date.)

The Paris papers state that in making experiments recently with the *mitrailleuse* eight hundred horses have been destroyed; which was followed by such a pestilence in the surrounding villages that the next trial was made upon trees, of which nothing remains but shreds—"hashed up like meat-pie," to translate the "reporter's" expression literally.

Yesterday a singular rumor circulated at Paris. It was said that half a dozen ladies, seized with an immense military ardor, were endeavoring to organize a regiment entirely composed of women to march against the Prussians.

The proposed costume has even been described: *Corsage* of Brandenbourg blue; very short skirt, flowing over gray Turkish trowsers; high boots of red morocco; and for *coiffure* a white felt hat with a bright red feather. Name of this regiment: *The Amazons of the Seine.*

Yesterday evening, the reserve force of the Garde Mobile, composed of men whose homes and employments are at Paris, departed for Châlons; whence, after some weeks of training, they will go to the front. They passed under our windows on their way to the place of rendezvous, where they were to receive their uniforms and arms. No sadder sight has ever taken by surprise the merry Paris streets. Yet they went cheerfully, poor fellows, and often groups would pass singing *La Marseillaise*; but one knew there was a great heart-ache under those manly voices; for, side by side with them, and arm in arm, and hand in hand walked their fathers and their brothers, often carrying the nice luncheon that had been prepared for them—the last, perhaps, that *home* would ever yield them—or, with arms thrown across each other's shoulders they talked in low voices and with faces downcast. Now and then among the crowd in blouses would pass a smart carriage, with servants in livery, carrying somebody's hope or eternal regret, unspared by the rude grip of war. But these did not excite the interest of the lookers-on. It was rather the stalwart young workman, whose hard hand his mother, in her white cap and plain, worn dress, grasped so tightly as they plodded on; and her tears fell on the pavement that they would never tread again, perhaps, together. It was the father, whose little son played by his side, while his wife clung closely to him, letting go her hold reluctantly on the arm where she had leaned so proudly only two weeks before. It was the sisters walking with the brother, the father conducting his only son, and all unconscious of the thousands that regarded them so sadly marching slowly on through the middle of the street, under the calm and pleasant sky. An old woman, who had watched the passing throng with stern, attentive eyes, expressed, at last, to a bystander from a far-off land, what must have been in every thoughtful heart that day: "It is a fine thing to sit in one's arm-chair and declare war; but who can look along this street and not feel that it's an awful thing to go to war—*for an idea!*"

PARIS, July 25, 1870.

A BREEZE FROM CAPE COD.

BY REV. J. W. DODGE.

LAST year we wandered out to this queer old headland on a tour of exploration. We had read President Dwight's travels, written years ago, recounting his observations of salt-works, windmills, and quaint one-story houses out on the bleak moors; and Thoreau's weird stories, gathered from old inhabitants living in out-of-the-way houses along the beaches, and were prepared for strange sensations. But the wonders we found were those of Nature in her grand old wastes, and the recollection of her wildness and majesty has haunted us ever since. *This* year we went as a lover of genuine seacoast scenery, to be fascinated and cooled. We wanted to get out as far as possible toward the Gulf Stream, and still hold on to *terra firma*, leaving the hot and dusty land far enough behind to make even our west winds cool and briny. Here, then, we are at Provincetown, on the very knuckle of the Cape. To trace Cape Cod, lay your arm bent at the elbow on the table. You will find us on the middle finger. We are sixty-five miles from the mainland, where the canal is to be cut to sever the right arm of Massachusetts from the body, and twenty-seven across the bay to Plymouth highlands. A slender neck of sand, about half a mile in width, is all that connects Provincetown with the body of the Cape. From High Pole Hill, behind the village, the eye sweeps round a magnificent circle of sea and land. It is a more varied and interesting view than that from Highland Light, on the northeastern bluff, six miles distant; but there is more of the earthly and human in it. You see its limits and can measure it. There it is, all sky and ocean, a measureless expanse of majesty and beauty. Here the broad bay lies just at your feet, silvered over with the sheen of the morning light, as placid as an inland lake, with a few light vessels sleeping at their anchors. The little bug-light at Long Point, at the end of the low sand-reef at the entrance of the harbor, seems near enough to reach with your outstretched arm. Under the sand-hills, just at the north, peers out the lighthouse at Cape Race, and all beyond the deep blue is dotted with white sails of outward-bound ships. It is one of those scenes that help you to realize how Wordsworth's Wanderer looked on Nature:

"He looked:
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And Ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy.
* * * * * * *
His spirit drank
The spectacle. Sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being."

But you will want to get views at different hours. We went out to another point in the early morning, just as aurora was leaving her rosy ocean-bed. A long bar of cloud hung just above the horizon, eclipsing the sudden blaze of glory in a purple veil. Away to the left the light mists were lifting themselves from the surface and drawing away into the clear ether. A small fishing craft, that had just rounded Race Point, dropped her foresail just in front of us, while men threw their lines for fish. The waves hardly made a whisper on the shore, and the broad bosom of the sea was like a sheet of heaving quicksilver. In the afternoon the scene changes. It is full sea, and the long rollers lift their green walls and break in creamy foam all along the shore.

"Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lift and lift, and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder."

We clamber down the bank that has been cut into a deep gorge by the waves and frosts, to enjoy a little nearer communion with the surf; but much of the charm is dispelled that fascinates us on the bluff. It is only a common beach now, like Long Branch or Newport. As the eye ranges along the curving line of sand-hills beetling over the waves, one can easily believe all the sad tales of shipwrecks that are told of this shore. Over fifty vessels were stranded here in one storm in 1853. After a northeast gale, the breakers are tremendous, lashing these cliffs in awful fury and threatening to wrench the Cape from its rocky moorings. But the soft, resounding surges to-day will not help us to picture those wintry breakers, sweeping headlong to the shore. We can only see the results of these terrific winds in the fantastic shapes of the sand-hills around the northern curve. The inner tiers are now covered with a light verdure, with tufts of dark moss here and there on their western slopes. Stumps of large trees are found buried beneath the fine white sand of some of them, showing that this barren region once nourished a vigorous vegetation. If the hills further up the Cape were formed by the action of water during the drift period, as Dr. Hitchcock thinks, these certainly are of much later origin, and can only have been produced by the action of wind. We confess to a good deal of skepticism as to the iceberg theory of our great geologist. It requires a powerful imagination to discover marks of glaciers in the forms of these valleys among the sands. No one would doubt the adequacy of wind and storm to cause these elevations and depressions who has seen what snow-drifts one winter will produce in a bleak situation. But we are in no scientific mood to-day. We leave our speculations for cooler weather. We want to bear testimony, however, to the capability of this sandy soil for producing delicious fruit and vegetables, under skillful culture. We have never seen larger Lawton blackberries or nobler beets than in one of these valleys among the sand-hills of Truro.

The antiquities of this region will always have a charm for the summer visitor. In the *Atlantic* for January Whittier has wrested from oblivion the singular character of Nanhaught, the Indian deacon,

"Who of old
Dwelt poor but blameless, where his narrowing cape
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds
And the relentless smiting of the waves."

That story of the staunch integrity of the worthy deacon will add interest to another anecdote of the same personage. He was one of the Pawkunnawket Indians, which had a settlement about a century ago in Yarmouth, near Swan's Pond. At one time, when at some distance from home, he was attacked by a number of large black snakes. It was impossible to run away from them, and he had not even a knife about him for defense. He came *to the determination to stand his ground.* They began to wind themselves about him, and in a little time one of them had made his way up to the Indian's neck, and was trying to put his black head into his mouth. Nauhaught opened it immediately. The black serpent thrust in his head, and Nauhaught, putting his jaws together, bit it entirely off! "As soon as the rest of the snakes saw the streaming blood," says the narrator of the story, "they left their intended prey with great precipitation, and Nauhaught was liberated from the jaws of impending death."

Among the remarkable shipwrecks of this stormy coast, no one is told with more gusto (for even shipwreck stories are told with a sort of pride) than that of the noted pirate, "Bellamy." He was cast on the shore of what is now Wellfleet, then Eastham, in 1717. Having offered to pilot a fleet into Cape Cod harbor, through some mismanagement, the leading vessel struck on the bar, and, a violent storm arising, the whole fleet was wrecked, and after the storm more than a hundred dead bodies lay along the shore. For many years after this shipwreck, a man of very frightful aspect,

The Independent.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1870.

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

No. XXII.

NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE organization of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, and its appeal to the conscience and reason of the country, evoked responses in several of the free states. Anti-slavery societies were organized; and many earnest, humane, and just men and women entered upon the work of emancipation. Nearly all who engaged in the formation of such societies were members of Christian churches, and were taking, at the same time, an active part in the religious, missionary, and philanthropic enterprises of that day. Indeed, during the first five years of the anti-slavery agitation, its promoters, regarding the effort as their religious work, looked with hope and confident expectation to the churches and benevolent organizations for hearty sympathy and co-operation. Unlike the great contest on the Missouri Compromise, which had a few years before so profoundly stirred the country, this was moral rather than political. Consequently, they who became members of these associations were accustomed to consider the questions at issue in their moral rather than in their civil bearings, and to look for aid to Christians, churches, and benevolent organizations, rather than to politicians, parties, and legislative bodies. Unaccustomed to public affairs and sharing in the general distrust of party politics, they seldom sought help from political action, and usually failed when they did.

Although the churches generally failed to respond promptly to these Christian appeals for immediate action on behalf of the oppressed, abolitionists, though disappointed, were not disheartened. The work went on. Many anti-slavery societies were formed. Several anti-slavery newspapers were established, and a general system of anti-slavery agitation, having been inaugurated, was continued. Among the papers established was the *Emancipator*, commenced in New York, in March, 1833, by the pecuniary aid of Arthur Tappan, and edited by Rev. Charles W. Denison. The establishment of that journal in the commercial metropolis, in which the principles and policy of the friends of emancipation were clearly and boldly set forth, together with other influences, caused much excitement and aroused feelings of resentment and hostility. This was signally manifested by the proceedings on the evening and subsequently of the 24 of October, 1833. The friends of immediate abolition were summoned by the call of a committee, of which Joshua Leavitt was chairman, to meet at Clinton Hall to form a New York City Anti-Slavery Society. On the afternoon of that day large placards were posted in the streets calling upon all persons from the South and all persons disposed to manifest the true feelings of the state to meet at the same time and place. A hostile demonstration was, of course, anticipated. The trustees of Clinton Hall refusing to fulfill their contract, and unsuccessful application having been made for other halls, a few anti-slavery men met in the street near the City Hall, and consulted upon the possibility of holding the proposed meeting. At the suggestion of Lewis Tappan, a trustee of Chatham-street Chapel, it was determined to hold the meeting in the lecture room of that building. At the hour of meeting, about fifty determined abolitionists, who had been personally notified, assembled. Arthur and Lewis Tappan passed unrecognized through an immense concourse of men assembled in front of Tammany Hall, preparatory to the premeditated attack upon the proposed meeting. The sexton of the church, locking the iron gates in front of the building, placed the keys in the hands of Lewis Tappan, who informed the meeting that it would probably be assaulted, and that soon; and that they should promptly dispatch the business for which they were assembled.

John Rankin, a merchant of that city and a devoted abolitionist, was made chairman. Amid those threatening demonstrations the blessing of God was invoked. A committee appointed at a previous meeting reported a constitution, which was quickly adopted. Arthur Tappan was chosen president; Elizur Wright, Jr., was chosen corresponding and Charles W. Denison recording secretary. The board of managers consisted of Joshua Leavitt, Isaac T. Hopper, Abraham L. Cox, Lewis Tappan, and William Goodell. The meeting was adjourned, the keys were delivered to the sexton, and the members retired through the main audience room of the chapel into a rear street. They were followed by a man, having a light in one hand and a dagger in the other. He was, however, discovered by the sexton, his light extinguished, and he was left to grope his way in the darkness as he best could. Mr. Hopper, a sturdy Quaker, whose life had been consecrated to works of beneficence and the cause of the oppressed, refused to retire, and boldly faced the mob, as with shouts and threats they rushed into the chapel. In their disappointment, they seized a negro, called him Arthur Tappan, placed him in the chair, and forced him to make a speech; which he did very creditably to himself, though not very satisfactorily to his auditors. He said: "Gentlemen:—I am not used to making speeches, and don't pretend to be qualified to do so. But one or two things I do know: one is, God hath made of one blood all nations; and another is, all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now —" "That will do," exclaimed his impatient hearers.

Joshua Leavitt and Lewis Tappan devoted the night to preparing an account of the proceedings, and furnishing copies for the city press, whose readers the next morning were not a little surprised to find in the same journals both the statement that "the agitators had been put down" and an authorized report of the doings of the meeting and the organization of the society. This society soon issued an address to the people of the city in explanation and defense of immediate emancipation, and the principles and policy it proposed in its attempts to secure it by the American people. Nor were their doctrines and policy all that were calculated to attract attention; the personnel of the new organization was not unworthy of its noble sentiments and benignant purposes. Arthur Tappan, its president, was a native of Massachusetts. He early became a distinguished and successful merchant of New York. An earnest Christian and philanthropist, his name was associated with nearly every missionary and reformatory enterprise of his day. Modest, quiet, and unassuming, without much facility in the use of tongue or pen, his life will be remembered rather as one of deeds than words. Surrounded by ledgers and invoices, clerks and customers, his ear and hand were alike open to the appeals for personal charity, the claims of an oppressed race or of a ruined world. Munificent as unostentatious in his gifts, his range of benevolence was wide and catholic. His brother, Lewis Tappan, though unlike him in many particulars, was no less earnest and devoted to the cause of reform and Christian benevolence. Like his brother, with whom he was so long associated in trade and beneficence, he was a man of remarkable business capacity, great courage, and a large-hearted philanthropy. Unlike him, he spoke and wrote with fluency, pungency, and vigor. Of the many enterprises with which he has been connected his rare versatility and energy have made him the life and soul. "He would," says a fellow-laborer, "oversee their immense mercantile business, go on 'Change, write two editorials, attend a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society's executive committee, step into the noon prayer-meeting and pray or deliver an exhortation, and wind up by sitting in the church session, and addressing a temperance meeting composed of negroes in the evening, all in the same day; all the time he in a hurry, but never flurried, and would seem perfectly at home in each of these vocations." He infused much of his own energy and system into the new society, besides contributing largely to its funds.

Another member of that meeting and board was William Goodell, a lifelong friend of the Tappans and of the slave. Among the earliest in the field, fond of abstract reasoning, speculation, and fundamental principles, he was, perhaps, too prone to adopt extreme opinions and impracticable theories. Though apt to be diffuse and prolix, he often condensed his thoughts and gave them most clear, terse, and forcible expression. Eminently conscientious and of undaunted courage and untiring industry, he rendered invaluable service to an unpopular but righteous cause in the days of its feebleness. For half a century he developed and brought to light by his indefatigable labors a mass of facts and reasonings on the subject which have afforded rich materials for the more effective use of other men of more popular tact and talent. His "History of Slavery and Anti-Slavery" is a perfect Thesaurus—a magazine from which the speakers and writers of a generation drew their weapons of attack and defense in the great conflict.

Another of the veterans who was present at that meeting was Joshua Leavitt, a man of varied intelligence and of acknowledged ability, logical in his modes of thought, clear and forcible in his style of expression. From his long connection with the press and frequent residence in Washington, where he was on terms of intimacy with Adams, Giddings, Slade, and other men of similar character, his information upon the political relations and bearings of slavery came to be comprehensive, varied, and minute, and therefore of great practical service to the anti-slavery cause. He was a fertile and voluminous writer, and by his editorials, tracts, and other papers did much to enlighten the people and prepare them for political action. A strong free-trader, his sympathies were more with the Democratic party than with the Whigs, whom he manifestly disliked and whose dislike was cordially reciprocated.

Such was the origin, material, and purpose of the New York society. It was able in men and means, and did much in those early days to bring and keep before the public eye the great truths of human fraternity and man's political rights. And yet, though it embraced so much of intellectual and moral worth, with sentiments so humane and Christian and purposes so carefully and guardedly enunciated, it was at once denounced by mob and press, by truckling partisanship and religious conservatism. The colouizationists, deeming this organization and its doctrines as antagonistic to their own, joined in the general denunciation. At a meeting held a few days after its organization, immediate emancipation was bitterly denounced and abolitionists sternly rebuked. Chancellor Walworth, whose name was for many years associated with religious and benevolent organizations, flippantly styled such generous, humane and Christian men as had founded the new society "visionary enthusiasts" and "reckless demagogues." David B. Ogden, one of the leaders of the New York bar, branded them as "fanatics," and declared their doctrines "opposed to the Constitution" and their organization "the poetry of philanthropy." Even Theodore Frelinghuysen, eminent among the men of his age for the purity of his public and private character and for his zeal and activity in the cause of religion and benevolence, characterized the anti-slavery movement as "the very wildness of fanaticism." Such language from such men, in the then feverish condition of the public mind, clearly tended to deepen the prejudices of men who had confidence in their integrity, piety, and wisdom, and to arouse the brutal passions of the rough and reckless.

How much such language, uttered at that time, contributed to arouse the spirit of violence which was so fearfully developed in that city during the next year will never be known. If such men could so violate the sanctities of Christian character and confidence, was it strange that the mob should invade the sanctities, no more sacred, of private dwellings and the house of God? In the light of to-day, was it less censurable in Chancellors Walworth and Frelinghuysen thus to arraign the public character and conduct of such men, and that in regard to purposes and plans so pure and benign, than for the unnamed and lawless ruffianism of New York to rifle the houses of Lewis Tappan and Dr. Cox or break into and disperse the meeting at Chatham-street Chapel?

Notwithstanding, however, this violent and systematic opposition, the cause of immediate emancipation made rapid progress during the year. No less than twenty-five periodicals and newspapers gave it their support. One hundred and twenty-four clergymen, mostly in New England, united in an address to the public setting forth similar sentiments. During the year John G. Whittier published his "Justice and Expediency," an earnest, tender, and eloquent appeal to his countrymen in behalf of oppressed millions who were perishing as the brute perished and whose blood was upon the nation. About the same time, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child issued her "APPEAL IN FAVOR OF THAT CLASS OF AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS." This volume, of more than two hundred pages, was a work of rare merit, and exerted, perhaps more than any other, a powerful influence upon thoughtful and cultivated minds. At the close of the same year Rev. Amos A. Phelps published his "Lectures upon Slavery and its Remedy," in a volume of nearly three hundred pages. Of this work Mr. Garrison, many years afterward, said "that it elucidated the nature of slavery, the sin of making property in man, and the duty of immediate emancipation in a manner so masterly as never to have been surpassed by any writer since that time. It was an encyclopædia of fact, argument, illustration, and logic."

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* Entered according to Act of Congress, by H. C. BOWEN, in the year 1870, in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

BEARING-REIN.—It was observed to a poor man, a good-natured man in the main, but somewhat cynical, and apt, when he was in a cynical mood, to use strong language, that all knowledge, but that of bridges, is worthless something. To which he replied: "Do you think it nothing to be able to discern somewhat of the characters of the principal personages who constitute the upper ten thousand in London?" It was admitted that this knowledge was of some value. He then went on to say, "Whenever you observe a horse, or horses, in a carriage, which horse, or horses, are suffering from a tight bearing-rein, you may surely conclude that the owner is utterly unobservant of what he ought to observe, or very ignorant of what he ought to know, or pompous, or cruel. He must be one of these, or he would see that his horses are suffering from this bearing-rein. He must be very ignorant if he does not know that a horse loses much of its power of draught, and cannot recover itself so well when it stumbles, if it have a tight bearing-rein. He must be very cruel if, observing and knowing these things, he does not provide a remedy. He must be very pompous if he prefers that his horses should be made to rear their heads on high, and to rattle their trappings about (which is a sign of their exceeding discomfort), to their being dealt with humanely and reasonably.—*Good Words*.

THE PRUSSIAN CAPITAL.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

SIX hundred years ago, on the shore of the sluggish Spree where Berlin now stands no sign of human life could have been seen except a little group of fishermen's huts. To-day, in place of the aboriginal settlement, we find a city for population the third in Europe, and for culture second to none on the globe. Previous to the reign of Frederick the Great, Berlin had attained no consequence, either politically or commercially. At the death of this powerful monarch, in 1786, its population numbered about one hundred and fifty thousand. In 1832 it had reached a quarter of a million; in 1840 the census showed 330,000, and at the close of 1869 800,000. Considering the immense tide of emigration from Germany to America, we had expected to see something like stagnation in the growth of German cities. But nearly all them, in their ratio, follow the example of the great metropolis and supply the drainage with manifold increase.

Nature, perhaps, never showed herself more unfriendly to the foundation of a handsome and flourishing capital than she has in the case of Berlin. Situated on a dreary and sterile plain; on a narrow and sluggish stream, with no communication with tide-water except by canals, its growth and present magnificence may be said to constitute one of the marvels of modern civilization. It is the grandest monument of the reign of the great Frederick, from which it received its first and most powerful impulse toward greatness. Surprising man! Without taste or culture, he was as much the commander of artists and philosophers as he was of mounted dragoons and bristling battalions. Comparatively illiterate himself, he had native common sense enough to know that mammon and architecture are not sufficient alone to make a great capital; and the eminence of Berlin to-day in science and art, as well as politically and commercially, was distinctly projected in his prophetic mind.

I suppose the prominent object in the thought of visitors to this city is the magnificent equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, at the eastern extremity of the "Unter den Linden." It is the masterpiece of the distinguished Rauch, and is conceded, as an artistic creation, to be the finest monument in Europe. As regards colossal grandeur and harmonious proportion, I have no doubt that this judgment is a true one. But in excellence of varied portraiture the Luther monument at Worms is superior to it, while in moral grandeur and significance I need not say that the bronze memorial of the Reformation is without a peer on the globe. However, if Berlin had nothing else in it except the monument of the great "Fritz," this alone would repay a long and costly pilgrimage. As nearly as I could measure with the eye, I should say that the entire structure is between forty and fifty feet high. The king is mounted on a horse, which stands on a high marble pedestal, on whose corners are life-size equestrian statues of his four greatest generals—viz., Princes Henry of Prussia and Ferdinand of Brunswick, and Generals Ziethen and Seydlitz. On the corners of the upper section of the pedestal are symbolical statues of Moderation, Justice, Wisdom, and Strength; and then eight reliefs illustrative of the history of the great king and his various activities for the promotion of the growth and prosperity of his empire. Around the monument are grouped life-size statues of distinguished officers. This great monument was erected in 1851, and is justly the pride of the nation and one of the grandest art achievements in the world. And yet I cannot tell you how much one misses in all this gallery of eloquent bronze the presence of a single sublime moral quality. I cannot help thinking that conscience and philanthropy look better in marble and metal than any other human attributes; though none so little require these helps to mundane immortality.

And, now that we are speaking of monuments, let me say that Berlin has more than thirty of them, by far the greatest proportion in memory of distinguished military heroes. It is well; for no aspirants for glory in public service need them so much.

Of the churches of Berlin little or nothing need be said, as there are none that in splendor of architecture or internal adornment are especially noteworthy. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that the genius of Prussian kings and princes for the last century and a half has not taken very strongly to devotion. In fact, the Protestant capitals of Germany, as a general rule, have not much ecclesiastical architecture to boast of. Catholics build the spires and paint the frescoes and gild the altars, and let them have their specialty.

Of the institutions devoted to art and science I can speak but briefly.

The Picture Gallery of Berlin seems tame and spiritless to one who has seen the magnificent collections of Dresden and Munich, and it has the additional misfortune to be very poorly lighted. It is, however, well adapted for the historic study of art—almost all the great schools being represented, particularly the old German and Italian.

The gems of the gallery are twelve paintings by John and Hubert Van Eyck, which constituted the wings of the famous altar-piece known as "The Worship of the Spotless Lamb," in the Church of St. Bavon at Ghent.

The Gallery of Sculpture was founded by Frederick the Great, and contains eight hundred specimens. It indicates that quantity rather than quality was aimed at in its establishment; and the little museum of casts in Dresden, collected by Raphael Mengs, is far superior to it for exhibiting the choicest treasures of old art.

The chief scientific feature of Berlin is its Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. Walking through its cabinets for a couple of hours, one can read the whole history of Egypt three thousand years ago—its religion, its art, and its domestic life. It is probably not surpassed for its specialty by any collection in Europe. A curious feature in this museum are the tomb-chambers, brought in fragments by Professor Lepsius from the Necropolis at Memphis, and rebuilt here in their original form. It was very interesting to light a candle and walk into the final abode of one of the Pharaohs without an invitation from its royal proprietor. The collection is not so well guarded as it ought to be, considering its great value. I saw a naughty boy, for example, poke his hand through a breach in a mummy, and pull out quite a quantity of princely bone-dust for his private cabinet of stolen relics.

"Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay
May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

A good place to study ancient theology is the extensive cabinet of sacred animals in this museum. A long procession of holy cats, fishes, snakes, crocodiles, and frogs, tenderly swathed in spices, recalls the melancholy picture of the old idolatry which outlived the terrible denunciations of Moses and the prophets; survived the retributions of plague and famine; and, weaving its longevity through the centuries, stubbornly confronts the missionaries of this nineteenth century. We turned from this theological cabinet of natural history to meditate on the more respectable but no less odious materialism of Christian civilization—the deification of clothes and mammon, and dead creeds and maxims and customs—against which Bibles and churches make such slow headway.

Our last day in the Prussian capital was deep and heart-breaking, the survivor—one of the sweetest and most loving spirits I ever knew—fell into a profound slumber that lasted for hours?

It was that fact which led him to say he supposed he then learned what Luke meant in saying the disciples were sleeping for sorrow. The explanation is plausible and beautiful, and I think it sound.

How was it with the sleep on the Mount of Transfiguration? It seems probable that here also physical exhaustion was the cause. They were present when Jesus there prayed. (Luke, ix, 29.) What must that prayer have been, when such a Son as Jesus talked to such a Father! Did he supplicate, in view of his work, his agony to be yet felt for the world? Did he pray for his friends? Did he pour out his infinite love in thanksgiving? I do not doubt the three disciples that night heard such prayer from Jesus as filled them with overpowering emotion, that strung every nerve to its utmost tension. Perhaps it continued for hours, and then that beautiful face, which they had been watching with such thrills of feeling, began to grow bright, until it surpassed the noonday sun in its brightness. I can never forget a scene when a company of scientific men stood on a hill-top near New Albany, to witness the total eclipse in August last. As the obscuration approached nearer and nearer totality, all talking and laughter gradually died away. But when suddenly the obscuration became perfect, and that unspeakably glorious corona burst out about the sun, the hush was unbroken in the rapt amazement of every beholder, except as my friend, Prof. Campbell, of Wabash College, whispered with bated breath, "How wonderful! what a triumph!" thus giving glory to God first for the scene, and then paying a tribute to the science that had predicted it. With that scene, whose glory I shall never see equaled in this world, I associate the transfiguration of Christ. To me the excitement was so great as to produce excessive fatigue. Let one conceive even in a feeble degree what the three disciples heard and saw that supreme night of their lives, and it is not hard to conceive that the overwhelming and continuous emotions of such an occasion would produce exhaustion very likely to seek relief in sleep.

Temperance.

TO THE RESCUE.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

"AND, after all, the saddest feature of the whole is the almost hopelessness of reform by either precept or example. Of what use is it that men and women know and see the accursed effects of alcohol? The mother, knowing that wine has stolen away the manhood of her husband, and is fast hurrying him toward that direful chasm, the drunkard's grave, yet with her own white fingers clasps the alluring glass, and, while it from the same chalice whose poisonous flow has already blighted her life, she hands it to her first-born son. The father, knowing that the subtle demon that lurks within the cup has slain his oldest son, still places the ruby wine in all its glittering madness to the lips of his Benjamin. And what power can avail to save?"

These sad words, uttered in the saddest of tones, by that earnest evangelist of temperance, John B. Gough, sank like crushing lead into my heart. They have toiled their mournful echoes in my soul through weeks and months of sorrowful reflection. And sometimes, as I take up the daily paper, its record shocks my eyes, and my faluting heart seems to go down, down,

"through infinite depths in the darkness,"

where the air is not only full of dirges for the dead, but of piteous lamentation, mingled with the wailings of lost souls. For, as I read the name and death of this one whom I remember as an innocent and lovely boy, a schoolmate and friend of my early childhood, and know that only a few short weeks ago he was rocking between two policemen toward the calaboose, uttering foul-mouthed abuses on his mother's friend, who was trying to persuade the officers in charge of him to give the demented young man into the escorting care of one who would save the feelings of those who loved him, how can I help the anguished cry, "*Alas!* what power can avail?"

And this one, shot down by a jealous companion in a debauch, into which he was blindly led while under the influence of liquor. Not yet of age; yet, ah! such an adept in sin. And this one—a suicide; having first been a drunkard, a gambler, a defaulter. I can never forget his pretty ways, his fair face, the chestnut curls, and the deep blue eyes of the model boy of the little select school of one of our city's then most aristocratic neighborhoods. First-born son of a Christian mother—a mother almost envied for the successful training of her children. But the emissary of the great Adversary, as it lurked in the glass of sparkling Sherry or Catawba, that sometimes accompanied the well-ordered dessert, or was handed by the pleasant-mannered lad to the social guest in his mother's parlor, was stronger for destruction than a mother's prayers for salvation. And to-day, ah! who shall comfort her concerning her child? And yet another sad record of a young wasted life. Eighteen years ago this poor boy, who now, a victim of all riotous dissipation, lies

"Buried away from human eyes,"

lay then "a sweet hope," pillowed upon his mother's bosom. His father I met one evening at a social party at the house of a common friend. "Our friend has fine wines," he said, holding a glass up to the light. "Is it not beautiful? See it sparkle!"

"Yes," I answered, "*it moveth itself aright.* You remember the injunction?"

Still toying with the glass, he repeated the verse: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."

"Ah," he answered, "'*at the last it biteth* like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' I believe the Bible," I said, "and I have a horror of serpents and adders. Take it away, please."

"I brought it for *you*," he said; "but, since you will not taste it, neither will I. You ladies have the temperance cause all in your own hands."

And then he put the responsibility away from *him*. But the boy, the only son, suddenly cut off in the midst of his wild career, is to-day *where?*

My heart is sad and sore for the little lads I see upon the sidewalks, in the schoolrooms, at the Sunday school, and in the alleys at church. Those who were in these places when I was young as these were fair and sweet and pure as these to-day. But, oh! a mournful procession rises up before my memory as I think of those who have gone from Christian homes, from pious fathers' counsels, and from saintly mothers' teachings—gone, alas! whither? Oh, cruel Adversary!—mocking, raging fiend, who knowest so well how to make the hand of dearest friend but to strike the deadliest blow—who is sufficient for these?

I know a Christian mother, lovely and of good report, in some things a leader of youthful minds, who is the wife of a miserable drunkard, who has embittered years of her existence, and from whom all that is worthy of respect has long since been driven by every demon of dissolute profligacy, and who is only kept from the gutter by the tireless efforts of his son, a young man, the sole support and comfort of that mother. And yet, with blind infatuation, still this mother pours the sparkling poison into her son's glass, and with him sips its fatal juices. Of what avail, indeed, are precepts or examples? As I see the fearful increase of "moderate drinkers" among those who once were counted as temperate men, if not strictly temperance men, I shudder at the possibilities. Ten out of twelve of the solid men of our city more than once each day visit the saloons. Some of them are even office-bearers in the house of the Lord. Twenty years ago, who thought it possible that these should ever do as to-day we know they do?

Lager and ale and porter, and sparkling Catawba, Hostetter's or Plantation Bitters—under one or another of these names the deadly fiends steal into our homes, sit at our tables, smile at our fireside feasts, and lure and destroy. The young and the old, the unstable and the staid, the thoughtless and the thinkers, are alike borne down by the relentless tide that sweeps to Hell.

The pulpit is strangely silent concerning it all. Do the ministers of God say also, "You ladies have the temperance cause all in your own hands"? Then, daughters, sisters, wives, mothers, rally to the rescue. Oppose the whole weight of your words, your examples, and your lives against the legions of the enemy, who fain would wrest from you your dearest jewels—the souls of those you love more than life. Read the truths of Scripture, sharper than two-edged swords, to your little children. They will cut away the entangling meshes of beguiling allurements. Repeat the words of Holy Writ again and again in their hearing. Believe them yourself, and so cause those you wish to influence to believe them also. Dare everywhere and always to resist the ever-increasing pressure of temptation. Strive untiringly and mightily with God in prayer for his saving interposition.

Oh! Christian woman, *can* you toy and tamper with this deadliest foe, whose ruby venom sparkles but to sting, while the eternal destiny of the father, the brother, the husband, or the son you love hangs trembling on the turn of *your* hand or the word of *your* lips?

My heart sinks within me as I write. For I think of the vast companies of my fellowmen rushing blindly on toward an eternity of banishment from all things good—never to find again the innocence of lost youth; never to meet with another opportunity; never to go in at the pearly gates; never to enter within the walls of the Beautiful City. "FOR WITHOUT *are drunkards*."

ST. LOUIS.

Music.

THE *Athenæum* speaks very well of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," which, as we told our readers last week, was produced in London on the 23d of July, for the first time on the English stage. In this opera, says the paper we have mentioned, Wagner "has adhered strictly to conventional rules in the composition; he has violated no laws in the setting of the legend; he has simply followed in the beaten track of his predecessors in operatic writing. His score is laid out in routine order; his overture is a prelude to the leading themes of the singers; his numbers are divided in the orthodox fashion of recitative and cabaletta; nay, more, he has even maintained the *point d'orgue*, so completely is his air or scena noted like other reasonable musicians. *O si sic omnia!* The musician who could write such a second act as that of the 'Fliegende Holländer' might have entered the lists with the master-minds of any epoch." While Wagner was engaged upon this opera, and doing miscellaneous work for the Paris music publishers, his "Rienzi" was trying in vain to get admission at one opera-house after another. At last, through the influence of Madame Schröder-Devrient, the celebrated singer, it was accepted at Dresden; but, when the news reached the composer, he was so poor that he had to sell the libretto of the "Flying Dutchman" for 500 francs, to pay his traveling expenses to the Saxon capital. The text he thus relinquished was set to music by M. Dietch; but this gentleman's work proved an entire failure. "Rienzi" was received so favorably at Dresden that Wagner was encouraged to produce another opera; and accordingly finished the present work, and brought it out with entire success in 1842. The performance in London seems have been mediocre. The scenery and mechanical effects were indifferently managed, and none of the principal artists satisfied the critics except Mdlle. Ilma di Muraska.

....A MS. composition by Handel has been discovered by Mr. Brinley Richards, in the British Museum. It is a concerto for the triple-stringed harp of Wales, written by the great composer for Powell, the harper to King George II, and consisting of an allegro, a larghetto, and a rondo finale. It was performed recently at a concert of Welsh music given by Lady Llanover, Herr Böeden playing the harp part, and the *tutti* being two violins, a viola, a 'cello, and a double bass.

....The National Musical Congress (one of the fruits of the great Boston Jubilee) will hold its second annual meeting on the 30th and 31st of August and the 1st of September, at Steinway Hall. Essays, discussions, addresses, and vocal and instrumental music will form the substance of the exercises, and eminent musicians from various parts of the United States are expected to be present.

....Music in Paris just now consists almost exclusively of the Marseillaise. Faure sings the words *Amour sacre de la patrie* kneeling and enveloped in the tri-color. Alfred de Musset's words, *Le Rhin Allemand*, have been set to music as a cantata by M. Leo Delibes, and the work is to be produced at the Grand Opera, with secnery, costumes, chorus, and a base solo for Faure.

....A certain enterprising Signor Pompei has been to Australia with an opera troupe, visiting Manilla, Batavia, and many balmy isles of the Southern Seas, and making so much money that he now feels enabled to promise a regular Italian opera season in Bombay.

Scientific.

MOSES G. FARMER, of Boston, has fused the native iridosmine by placing the natural grains, such as are used for tipping gold pens, in a groove in charcoal, and subjecting to the action of a current of voltaic electricity produced by a battery of 60 large Bunsen cells. He obtained in this manner bars of perfectly compact metal, brittle and very hard. The operation, says the *American Chemist*, was anything but pleasant, owing to the intense light and the fumes of osmic acid, which attacked the eyes and nostrils, producing symptoms similar to those from *rose or hay-fever*, and affecting the face as if by a sunburn. Mr. Farmer estimates the temperature of fusion at about 10,000° F. His object was to prepare a bar of alloy for electric illumination. He found that when near the melting point a square inch of surface produced light equal to 3,800 candles, and threw a shadow in broad daylight and produced excellent photographs.

.... The *American Chemist* says that one great cause of the poisoning of water in lead pipes is the voltaic action between the lead pipes and the copper boilers used in the kitchen range. These boilers are usually tinned when they leave the coppersmith's shop; but in two cases out of three the tinning lasts but a few months, because not done with pure block tin, but with an alloy of tin and copper, while good tinning will last for years. As soon as the tinning is worn off, a galvanic current, dissolving the lead in the pipes, is set in action. In an experiment tried with a flask of aqueduct water, containing clean lead, an exposure of 40 hours produced no dulling of the color and no poisoning of the water; but, when lead and copper in contact were tried, 40 hours' exposure covered the lead with a white carbonate of lead, and abundant proofs of the lead were found in the water when tested with sulphuretted hydrogen.

....Rev. M. J. Berkeley, of England, has called attention to a very curious variation in the *Lychnis diurna*. This pink is dicecious; but in female flowers which he exhibited the stamens also were developed. The plant was infested with smut, and Mr. Berkeley believes that the smut penetrates the plant, but can fructify only in the stamens, and that this is the determining cause why the stamens were abnormally developed. Darwin lays it down as a rule that changes take place by variation and natural selection only in the direction of the preservation of the plant; but it will be curious if here we have a change produced whose result is to give a home to the smut which tends to destroy the plant.

....Dr. John B. Tuke gives, in the London *Lancet*, his experience in treating the insane with chloral. In chronic cases, in which violent outbursts of excitement occur, it has invariably produced good results, and has greatly relieved the difficulty of sleeplessness. In quite a number of cases either acute mania or melancholia have been made quite manageable, and permanent good secured. He regards chloral as superior for his purposes to all other hypnotics, because it is more certain in its action, has no depressing influence, does not produce constipation or nausea, and its effects are more lasting.

....Henry Maudsley, M. D., says, in a late lecture, that if we touch with acetic acid the thigh of a frog whose head has been cut off, it will rub off the acid with the foot on the same side. Cut off that foot, and put the acid on again, and the animal will try to rub it off as before; but, of course, cannot. After some fruitless efforts, it gives up trying, becomes restless, as if seeking some other way. At last it uses the foot of the other leg, and succeeds in rubbing off the acid. Here are harmonious contractions, guided by intelligence, but no brain.

....The Abbé Richard gave an account, at a late meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, of the discovery at *El Birek*, the ancient Beeroth, about ten miles north of Jerusalem, of an ancient manufactory of flint implements. Scrapers, knives, and saws are mentioned, the latter very curious.

....In Belgium it is not uncommon for the peasants to fasten earthen vases, made for the purpose, to the sides of their farmhouses for sparrows' nests. When the young are fledged, they are taken and eaten.

Missionary News.

THE POWER OF CASTE

WHEN Dr. Norman Macleod was in India, two years ago, he was guest of Sir Alexander Grant, at a party to which quite a number of the more enlightened and educated Hindus were invited. They belonged to the intelligent class, which is the strength of the Brahmo Somaj. Dr. Macleod never suspected that he was doing anything amiss in giving an account of it in *Good Words*, in which he said:

"There were present, among others, a deputy inspector, the principal of the training college, the translator of the 'Arabian Nights,' a Pundit, a college fellow, and a college student. All these were singularly pleasing and intelligent gentlemen. The whole of them had renounced caste, and ate and drank with us, although one of them evidently felt a little awkward in doing so, and was good-naturedly twitted by the others on account of this. None of them, however, professed Christianity."

But he had stirred up a hornet's nest about these not very sturdy Hindus, who had really accepted this invitation "on the sly," never suspecting that an account of it would be published. When the orthodox Hindus heard of Dr. Macleod's account, they immediately had these men up for discipline. We have previously narrated how they ignominiously recanted and begged forgiveness, and were finally restored to caste after paying a fine of $250 each. Their claim not to have eaten with the foreigners, but only to have partaken of a little fruit, ice-cream, and preserved ginger, was not admitted; nor was Sir A. Grant's assertion that they did nothing contrary to caste regarded as of any authority. We copy from *Missionary Papers* the petition of one of the leaders begging to be reinstated, with the action of the Brahman pope, Shankar Acharya, and the assembled Shastris and Pundits. Krishna Shastri, the leading man among these reformers, thus petitions:

"Most Reverend World-Guru Shankar Acharya, Lord presiding, etc., the petition of your lordship's servant, the cringing disciple, Krishna Shastri Chipulunkar. Whereas, on account of a letter from Bombay the reverend authority of Poona instituted an inquiry, and decided then to put me out of caste for having eaten fruit cut with a knife touched by foreigners. In this regard, examining the letters from Europe and the previous papers, your reverence finds that I am mercifully received me back. Let your servant find audience. This is the prayer of your obedient, Krishna Shastri Chipulunkar."—(Signed.)

Ans. (By R. Shastri.) On the 4th, etc., you were put out of caste. Do you petition to be restored?

Ans. (By R. Shastri.) I do not think myself guilty of the crime that the court you refer to decided there were strong suspicions in the case. But as no merciful excuse is laid before you show me guiltless. But, if your reverence thinks there is proof of my guilt, I am ready to take any *prayaschitt* (a ceremony for purifying the Shastras, with my head bowed low. Or, if the authority of the Shastras is not shown, I am ready to be obediently like such *prayaschitt* as is pleasing to all this assembly.

Assembly. You will write down what you agree to with regard to not committing such a crime again.

K. I do not wish to commit such a crime. This is my agreement.

Assembly. Do you ask *prayaschitt*, having repented.

K. I have repented.

Assembly. It seems proved that you eat preserved ginger and fruits and ice-cream. If you have repented of it, you must give a full and true account of the whole affair.

K. I have already written down all I remember of the affair. Now, the knowledge that your reverence and this assembly consider me guilty and being guilty are the same thing, and for this assumption I repudiate it.

Assembly. Do you demand a *prayaschitt* on the authority of the Shastras, or will you agree to such as may be decided on?

K. Regarding the authority of the Shastras and the authority of your reverence as the same thing, I do not say that your authority is different from that of the Shastras.

Assembly. For removing the sin of eating what should not be eaten and drinking what should not be drunk, all twelve kinds of *prayaschitt* according to the proper manner of our times and country—*Gopratyamata*, 360 rupees; *Asubkunp*, 15 rupees; and *Brahmadand*, 125 rupees—have been decreed and the sums you must pay over.

K. I agree to pay them according to the sentence."

Evidently this style of "Reformed" Hindu ism lacks backbone.

....It is but 10 years since Japan was opened to foreign commerce. Now in Yokohama and Yedo there are many hundreds of native shops selling foreign goods, besides those kept by foreigners. Mr. Verbeck, a missionary there, says that a large portion of the middle and upper classes—at least, the male portion—dress entirely in our style. Even old men, too old to sport the new costume, look with delight upon their little grandsons dressed in hats, boots, and what belongs between, and take pride to show off in the streets their "young Japan" thus appareled. The army and navy are remodeled on European and American systems in organization, arms, and uniforms, down to the common trumpet, drum, and fife. They have stages, steamers, and telegraphs, and a contract has been made for a railroad. There are two extensive foundries, with foreign machinery, in the country, and several docks. As to matters of diet, beef, the abomination of Buddhism, begins largely to be consumed, and bread is much liked. In the heart of the capital sewing-machines hum in the tailors' shops. A foreign college in Yedo has hundreds of boys studying English, French, and German. Eight foreign physicians instruct in medical colleges. Newspapers are published in several places, with their columns of "foreign" and "telegrams," clipped and translated from our standard home papers. Book-stores, selling English and French books, are seen in many places, and the quantity of books imported is prodigious.

....The American Methodists are beginning to find that their China missions are bringing them in fruit for their labors. The Fuh-chau mission was organized in 1847. For 9 years it secured not one convert. Seven years later it had 100. Now there are 750 members and as many more probationers, also 7 well-qualified native pastors and 40 or 50 helpers. The missionary force is very small now, consisting only of Dr. Maclay and Mr. Sites; but two others will be sent in the fall. The converts are largely in the villages to the southwest of Fuh-chau, and are very ready to accept the Gospel. The Kinkiang Mission was started in 1867, and occupies the province of Kiangsi, with 26,000,000 of population, on the south of the Yangtse River. Mr. and Mrs. Hart are the only missionaries there at present; but re-enforcements will speedily be sent. Though so young a mission, there is a little class of converts. A mission at Peking was started last year, and will have 4 missionaries.

....The China Inland Mission has not been injured by the excitement in reference to the outrage which took place in August, 1868, at Yang-chau. Probably there is no station connected with the society that now enjoys more peace or spiritual prosperity. The income for the last year was only $1,480 less than the year before, and larger sums have been sent direct to the missionaries. There are now 32 male and female missionaries at 13 important inland towns.

....The (Dutch) Reformed Foreign Mission Board has been running badly in debt, being now $35,000 behindhand. As the annual receipts are only about $60,000, this is a serious check. The membership of the Reformed Church is about 60,000.

Current Religious Views.

POPULAR THEOLOGICAL VIEWS.

[From Phi Beta Kappa Oration of 1870, by O. W. HOLMES.]

I REJECT, therefore, the mechanical doctrine which makes me the slave of outside influences, whether it work with the logic of Edwards or the averages of Buckle, whether it come in the shape of the Greek's Destiny or the Mohammedan's fatalism

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Our Young Folks.

BESSIE'S DAY OF REST.

Bessie was up at break of day,
And said to herself: "I will not play,
For this is the Sabbath. I must and will
Be good and quiet, gentle and still.

"My dolls and toys are out of sight;
To play with those would not be right.
I'll creep to the rooms and slyly peep,
To see if they all are sound asleep.

"And then, let's see, I'll light the fire,
Before the sun gets up any higher;
I'll make the coffee and cook the steak,
And set the table, 'fore Biddy's awake.

"I'll shut the doors as soft as I can,
And make no noise with kettle or pan;
They all can sleep their senses away,
For this is a day of rest, they say."

And the busy maiden was true to her word,
Flying about as swift as a bird;
Every dish in the house she put on the table,
And did it as well as a child was able.

She blistered her fingers and burnt the meat,
And feared the toast was unfit to eat;
The coffee boiled all over the floor,
And Bessie was glad to see Biddy once more.

"A day of rist? No rist for me,
Wid a chile onasy as a bamble-bee.
Be off and git ready for church, I say;
For I'll niver git breakfast while ye stay."

"Biddy won't be helped, so I'll not stay,
To hear her scold on this holy day."
And the sunny maid ran over the house,
As gay as a lark and still as a mouse.

The day went by, and her willing hand
Was subject to any one's command;
Her restless feet were never slow,
Running hither and thither, to and fro.

She helped mamma get ready for church,
Watched the crowd from her window perch;
Read to papa and combed his hair,
Brought slippers, dressing-gown, and chair;

Rattled the papers, sent piles of books
Clattering down from sacred nooks;
Played Sunday plays for Baby Ned,
And rocked him asleep in his cradle-bed.

Tired at night were the maiden's feet;
But the happy heart made the smile so sweet,
As, kissing them all, she sung with glee:
"I'm just as rested as I can be."

H. K. P.

HARRY'S ARITHMETIC LESSON.

BY MARGARET BOURNE.

"THERE isn't much fun in this sort of thing," said Harry, as he rubbed his curly head in a disconsolate manner.

"What sort of thing is it?" asked Philip.

"Oh, this horrid rule in per centage. I shall never get the example right, I know. I believe the answer is wrong in the book." And Harry leaned back in his chair with a woe-begone expression.

Just then Mr. Wilson came into the room where the boys were sitting. "What is it, my son?" he asked.

Harry repeated to his father the complaint he had just made to Philip. Mr. Wilson came to the table, looked a minute at the example, and then said:

"How long have you been at work on this, my boy?"

"All the afternoon," answered Harry, excepting an hour I spent on my Latin.'

"And now it is nearly six o'clock," said his father. "Harry, do you really want to work out your lesson?"

"Of course, I do, Papa; I shan't leave off until I get it."

"Ah, that is what I was afraid of," said his father. "I want you to take my advice this time, and see if you are not glad to-morrow."

"What shall I do?" asked Harry.

"Put away your books, and forget that such a thing as arithmetic exists. Go off with Philip and have a good time. Do not touch this troublesome example until morning, when you may rise as early as you please and attack it again. If you do not find your difficulty in half an hour, you may scold me as hard as you choose, and I will pay any penalty you think I ought."

The boys laughed, and rose to put away their books.

"Papa?" said Harry.

"Well, Harry."

"Isn't it a little cowardly to give up to a difficulty in this way?"

"No," said Mr. Wilson, "it is not giving up to it at all. You have used all your power of thinking, and can do nothing well until you are refreshed. You are in the condition of a steam-engine which has used its supply of wood and water before it has completed its journey. It is just as necessary for you to be renewed in freshness as it is for the engine to have its needs supplied."

The boys knew Papa was usually right, so they determined to do as he advised. There was only time to put themselves in order for tea before the bell would ring. Harry was too tired to care for supper; his head ached, and he felt so restless it was hard to sit still. He was glad when the meal was over, and he could go out into the open air.

"Hello!" called some one from a wagon at the gate.

"Is that you, Jack?" said Harry.

"Yes. I've come to see if you and Philip will go up to mill with me."

"We should like it above all things," answered Harry, as he went off to find his brother.

In a few moments the boys ran out to the wagon and climbed into their seats. Then Jack touched the horse with the whip, and off they started. The road to mill passed through a lovely wood, until it came to a broad stream, which would have seemed like quite a river in some places. There the mill was built, and the trees had been cut down all around. It was a pretty place, and seemed to rest in quietness, notwithstanding the plashing of the wheel, which sent the water in bubbling eddies in all directions. Jack went in to attend to his errand with the miller, while Philip and Harry remained outside. When Jack joined them, they wandered up the stream a little way, to see what there was there. The woods were so close that it seemed rather dark to the boys, yet they thought it was only because the trees made it so. The stream narrowed, and came tumbling over stones as it rushed down the mountain-side. The boys clambered over these stones where the water was shallow enough, and if a foot-slip gave them a little bit of a wetting, what did they care? In their enjoyment they wandered further than they realized, and might have continued to walk for another hour, had not a loud clap of thunder sounded near at hand.

"Thunder, I declare!" said Philip.

"I heard it before," said Harry; "but it sounded so like the brook I did not think what it was."

"Well," said Jack, "we had better hurry back to the horse, for he is almost crazy in a thunder-storm. I suppose the lightning blinds him."

The boys turned and hastened on their way as quickly as possible. Meanwhile the storm increased rapidly. Flashes of lightning became more frequent and peals of thunder heavier; then rain came down in slanting sheets. Birds hid themselves, as the boys wished they could do. At last the mill was in sight.

"Why, where is Dobbin?" said Jack.

The boys stood still and let the rain fall upon them unnoticed, while they looked at the place where Dobbin had been fastened.

"Perhaps the miller has put him in a shed," suggested Philip.

Then they hurried on in the hope of finding that this was so. But when they reached the mill it was closed and locked. Evidently the miller had gone home for the night. There was no shed to be seen; neither were there any traces of Dobbin.

"He has started home," said Jack. "I thought he was fastened securely."

There was nothing else for the boys to do than to follow Dobbin's example as speedily as possible. They were thoroughly soaked now, and the rain fell as heavily as ever. The storm frightened them a little. It was very desolate for three boys to be alone in such a place at nine o'clock in the evening, with a fierce storm raging around them. However, neither of the three was a coward; so they trudged on sturdily, not minding the wetting apparently, and only starting at the flashes of lightning, which almost blinded their eyes. They tried to look for marks of the wagon-wheels when the flashes came; at other times they could scarcely see the road plainly enough to keep in it. In this way they walked for nearly an hour and a half. By that time the storm was over, though the night was dark and the rain continued to fall quietly. At the end of this time they found themselves in the village where they lived. Jack's house was nearest to them, fortunately, as they were anxious to know whether Dobbin had reached home. They went to the stable-door, and found it locked; they listened, but nothing could be heard.

"I will go to the window and look in," said Jack. "Oh, yes," he called in a minute, "he is here safe and sound."

They then went to the house. As soon as they reached the step, Jack's mother opened the door, looking very pale and anxious.

"My dear boy, where have you been?" she said.

The boys told her in as few words as possible, for Harry and Philip were impatient to be at home. They inquired how the horse came back.

"Just in the worst of the storm," said Mrs. Brown, "he trotted into the yard, looking very much displeased with his condition. He wore a piece of the halter; so your father, Jack, said he had broken away, and that you had sense enough to come home if Dobbin had. I am glad indeed to see you safely here, though." And Mrs. Brown kissed Jack tenderly.

"Good-night," said Philip and Harry.

"Good-night," Jack called after them. "I hope you will be no worse for this drenching."

The boys found Mr. Wilson sitting on the piazza, watching for them.

"Boys, is that you?" he asked, as they came in the gate.

"Yes, Papa. Hasn't this been a storm?" They then told their story. Mrs. Wilson came to the door and listened.

"Why, Mamma, are you up?"

"Yes; at least, I am awake. Papa insisted upon my going to bed; but I could not sleep with my boys out in such a storm. I heard you come home; and here I am, ready to learn your adventures."

The boys were too wet to prolong the account, though their excitement prevented much consciousness of fatigue. They were sent to the bath-room (as though they had not had enough water, Harry said); and, after a good plunge and hard rubbing, which Mr. Wilson would not trust them to give themselves, they went to bed.

In the morning Harry waked rather later than usual. He rubbed his eyes and felt tired as the thought of the evening's adventures rose to his mind. Suddenly he remembered his example in percentage, and tumbled out of bed as fast as possible. After dressing, he sat down with his book and slate. His heart sank for a minute at the thought of the task before him. For a little while the sound of the pencil-marks was all that was heard in the room. Then a shout waked Philip.

"Hurrah! hurrah! I've done it!" said Harry.

"Done what?" said Philip, sleepily.

"This example; and it's as easy as possible. I can't imagine why I was so stupid yesterday."

Harry ran down to his father, to tell the good news.

"I congratulate you, my boy," said Mr. Wilson; "and let this be a good lesson to you. Never try to work your brain when it is tired out. That is a way learned men have who are not wise, and who destroy their minds by neglecting God's law, which requires rest after hard labor."

"But, Papa, might not one grow very lazy by resting whenever tired?" said Harry.

"Perhaps so; and yet I think, if any one is in earnest to learn or to do well, there is not much danger of becoming lazy. There is so much to interest in life that only stupid people can be willing to give up the pleasure of learning all they can. I hope my boys will study hard. I want them, also, to play well, that they may always bring fresh brains to their work."

Harry went to school with a light heart. We hope he will always remember the lesson his father tried to teach him, and that he will not again try to study when his brain is tired from overwork.

The Sunday School.

SENSE VS. SENSATIONALISM.

BY H. B. SCAMMELL.

THAT "the average Sunday school is a failure" is a verdict which has lately had so emphatic a rendering that it gives fair occasion for critical commentary on the recent developments of the system. The Sunday school *idea* is beyond cavil; but its development and practice are too often into a sad mixture of personal ambition, ill-advised and overloaded prize systems, kissing picnics, dramatic exhibitions, spasmodic efforts, and fantastic conceits. And it is not at all consoling to be obliged to admit that we find the most of this state of things in some of our largest and outwardly prosperous schools; for these schools are quoted as models and copied after throughout the country, the evil spreading with the good.

In looking around for the causes of the present state of Sunday school progress, the first that should strike the careful observer is the cumbrous machinery employed in our large schools. Machinery of some kind is necessary to run any school; but machinery that is constantly being tampered with, and to which new and experimental parts are added as fast as they can be invented, will turn out very poor work. And so a superintendent who is constantly substituting new prizes for the old, and trying new plans of mission and other work, which are prosecuted while the *furore* lasts and deserted when it abates, cannot hope to maintain un impaired the enthusiasm created or achieve lasting good. The newspapers will give him a fame which will be worldly in more senses than one. Notoriety and increase of the numbers of his school may flatter him into an assurance of success; but there are effects to which he will be only too apt to be blind while he views his work through the glamour of popular applause. The fine music, ingenious object-lesson, gay banners, and rich prizes are blazoned abroad; but not so the spiritual feeling or the patient labor of the teachers—things much more essential.

Among these effects the saddest will be the loss of the respect of his teachers and older scholars. They do not like to be cajoled into hard work on a given line of action, and, after giving their hands' and hearts' best efforts to its execution, find that they are to be hurrahed away to some new and popular diversion. There is but a small proportion of real workers in *every* school; and these, above all, the superintendent should not offend. They will question his sincerity, and are led to doubt the reality of their own feelings, and to wonder how they ever became so roused and interested in a matter that has suffered so complete an eclipse. They will soon be in such a condition that only plans which do not require much hard work will be seconded. A sensational feeling will pervade the entire school, and new excitements must be devised to tickle the palate that has been so abused.

I am not among those who are utterly opposed to prizes. Paul says: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." It is not wrong to act in accordance with such sound Bible doctrine as this. It is one of the well-conned lessons of life, as well as of the Book, that a man in doing right may prosper in this world's goods and also retain the approval of a good conscience. Read the parable of the "talents." Diversity of talents and attainments, with the same reward for faithful effort, is the gist of the parable. But this principle would seem to be wholly ignored by some superintendents. Prizes designed only for the scholar who gets or does the *most* accomplish more harm than good. While the scholar of highest mark carries off the prize with an exaltation untempered by participation; those who have striven with equal earnestness, and come within one or two of the winning number, getting nothing, find their hearts swelling with mingled despair, envy, and hate—the very passions of the gamester. I suppose it unnecessary to advise that circus tickets (*vide* a school in the South) be not offered as prizes. But rewards of money, jewelry, silver watches, and plate are too forcible reminders of gift enterprizes and lotteries and smack of the money-changers in the temple.

Let us not be afraid of new methods; but recognize a distinction between methods evolved from mature experience and reflection, and fanciful expedients. Startling and transient effects should be avoided. There should be system, simple and direct, having for its objects the gathering in, the instruction, and salvation of our youth. The means and the end should be in full harmony. There is much that is cheap and trashy to be purged from this great movement, and many solid improvements to be introduced. But there must be less desire for the aggregation of members and the applause of the world, and more self-abnegation and directness of plan and aim on the part of officers. Change! change! is the cry of the restless American nature. Yes, change; or, rather, progress. We here consider but one phase of a movement that is destined to creep, like the light, over the habitable globe. It is apparent that, if the much-looked-for millennium ever comes to this troubled world, its highest benefit will be when it shall come to pass that it shall not be possible for a little child to grow up except it be taken by the hand and led surely and safely into the arms of the Good Shepherd.

ST. LOUIS.

....We are surprised that the Genesee Conference S. S. Convention of the M. E. Church should recommend a second session on the Sabbath. Nothing is better established in the Sunday-school work, we think, than the pernicious effect of the second session. We know but a single one of the schools which have come into any prominence for excellence and spiritual success that holds a second session. That is Mr. Ralph Wells' Grace Mission, and we have long been satisfied that it would be greatly improved by abandoning its morning session and devoting the afternoon heartily to the lesson. The object for which a second session is advised is "spiritual work." This is a confession of a fact that we have long felt assured of. Our Sunday school sessions are absorbed with machinery, with roll-call, with "hearing lessons," etc., and the "weightier matters" are crowded out. Abolish the unnecessary machinery, and return to a more simple and earnest method, and we shall not need to make the Sabbath a dreaded burden to teachers and scholars by a second session. We quote a good sentence from the report of the convention referred to:

"The great and final aim of the Sunday-school is to lead souls to Christ. In many of our schools—perhaps in most—we are in this fundamental aim greatly lacking. We often come together merely for reciting verses, pleasant stories, pleasant singing—a good time generally, and in us an immediate conversion; expect it, pray for it, sing for it, talk for it, teach for it."

College Record.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE, Pa. Commencement Aug. 4th. Graduates 7 A. B. and 3 B. S. Honorary D. D. on Rev. E. E. Swift, of Allegheny, and Rev. David Hall, of Mansfield, O. Literary addresses by Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, D. D., and Hon. A. K. M'Clure. Rev. George P. Hays, of Allegheny, was chosen president of the college.

....MADISON UNIVERSITY, N. Y. Commencement Aug. 4th. Graduates 11 A. B. and 1 B. P. Honorary Ph. D. on J. S. Douglas, M. D., of Milwaukee; D. D. on Rev. E. B. Cross, of Burmah; A. M. Hopper, of Bridgeport, Conn.; D. P. Smith, of Iowa City; and H. A. Tupper, of Washington, Ga.

....COLBY UNIVERSITY, Me. Commencement Aug. 31st. Graduates 5. Honorary D. D. on Prof. E. C. Mitchell, of Upper Alton, Ill., and Rev. Henry V. Dexter, of Kennebunkport, Me.

....UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT. Commencement Aug. 4th. Graduates 15. Honorary M. D. on Prof. Peter Colyn, and LL.D. on Robert S. Hall, of New York.

Pebbles.

AMONG the stories told of General Thomas is one of an incident which occurred when he and his chief of staff, General Garfield, were inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga, in 1863. They heard a shout: "Hello, Mister! You! I want to speak to you." And General Thomas found that he was the person addressed by an uncouth, backwoods East Tennessee soldier. He stopped, and the dialogue which ensued was as follows: "Mister, I want to get a furlough." "On what grounds do you want a furlough, my man?" "I want to go home and see my wife." "How long since you saw your wife?" "Ever since I enlisted, nigh on to three months." "Three months! good-naturedly. "Why, my good man, I haven't seen my wife for three years." The East Tennessean stopped whittling for a moment, and stared incredulously. At length he said: "Well, you see, me and my wife ain't that kind." Even General Thomas's grimness was not proof against the laughter which he rode away to conceal, leaving the astonished soldier without an answer. Of course, it is General Garfield who tells the story.

....About a fortnight since, writes a Philadelphia correspondent, I stopped with a friend at the Park-place Hotel, St. Paul, which was then crowded with members of the legislature. After securing a room, wanting some towels, we rang for a servant. The bell was answered by the watchman, to whom we communicated our wants; but, as they were not exactly in his line, he went away and sent a colored boy, who knocked at the door and popped in his head. "All right," said I. "Bring them in." "Yes, sah," replied woolly-head, with a bob. "Well, why don't you fetch them along? Bring two of them." "Yes, sah. Which is it, sah—brandy or whisky, sah?" And that is the way they answer calls for towels in St. Paul!

....The following hard-shell story comes to us vouched for by an ear-witness. Elder C., a Baptist minister in Southeastern Indiana, made in a sermon, not long ago, the following statement, using it as an illustration of the subject in hand: "Queen Victoria, when she desired to take a husband, was prevented, by an ancient law of the realm, from going beyond the precincts of her own nation; but was not prevented from reaching across the narrow channel which intervened between England and Wales, and joining hands with Albert the Prince of Wales."

....We know a minister who was generally able to keep his congregation wide-awake, but who on one occasion (it was a sultry summer day) observed numbers of them asleep. He resolved to nip the evil practice in the bud. So, taking a good survey of the scene before and around him, he exclaimed: "I saw an advertisement last week for five hundred sleepers for a railroad. I think I could supply at least fifty, and recommend them as good and sound." It is perhaps needless to add that the supply instantly vanished.

....A man with four wives was brought before Hans Swarlbart, a Mohawk justice, for commitment on a charge of bigamy. "Four vives!" exclaimed the astonished Hans. "Four vives! Dat vas a most hinocious crime! Dis-charch him at vonst." "Why?" protested the prosecutor; "why discharge him, when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I ecksplains. Off he lits mit four vifes, he got bunishment enough. I lif mit von, and I got too much bunishment already."

....A rather cynical individual, visiting in one of the thriving agricultural towns of the Connecticut Valley, about planting time, within a few years, gave it as his opinion that the inhabitants had a god of their own. He said he noticed that if it rained on Sunday the congregation at the village church was very thin; but, no matter how hard it rained Monday, the whole population were out doors on their knees worshiping—tobacco.

....A good story is told of a Glasgow merchant who on his deathbed sent for a Free Church clergyman. Having some fears regarding his future prospects, he asks the reverend gentleman: "Do you think, if I were to leave £10,000 to the Free Kirk, that my soul would be saved?" "Well," answered the cautious minister, "I couldn't just promise you that; but I think it's an experiment well worth trying."

....A physician in London has invented an electrical machine with which he can make the human body entirely transparent. He puts you between him and the light, and then he can examine your interior as plainly as if you were made of glass. You have the stomachache, say. The doctor lights you up, sees that ache fooling around in there among your works, and then he goes for it.

....."I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently-widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours!" "Ah, yes, he was very good; and then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband she has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

....A little boy came into school with a very dirty face. His teacher told him to go and wipe it. Johnny came back with the lower part of his face clean, while above his nose was all wet and dirty. The teacher said: "Johnny, did you wipe your face?" "Yes, teacher," said Johnny, "I wiped it as far as my shirt would reach!" And he had.

....As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer: "Sir, I perceive your land here is not very productive." "No, sir," said the honest farmer; "our land is just like self-righteousness." "Ah! how is that?" "Why, the more a man has of it the poorer he is."

....."Gentlemen of the jury," said a blundering counsel, in a suit about a lot of hogs, "there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove. Please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs; just exactly three times as many as there are in that jury-box, gentlemen." The counsel didn't gain his case.

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, August 18th, 1870.

THE EMPEROR'S DANCE OF DEATH.

THE latest gleam of the war, thus far flashed to us by the Cable, reveals the Prussians still advancing, the French still retreating, and both parties claiming the victory. A third great battle has been fought at Metz, or rather in its close vicinity, at the village of Pagny. The field was contested for six hours, with enormous losses to both sides. Napoleon has abandoned Metz, and McMahon is locked fast in Strasbourg. The invaders are getting nearer and nearer the heart of France. Of course, Paris, with all its natural and artificial fortifications, is not a city easy for an enemy to reach. But Paris has an enemy within itself. Or, rather, Paris seems to be debating whether or not to be the friend or the enemy of the defeated Emperor. It was quite natural that Napoleon should refuse to return to Paris; he would rather face the Prussians than the Parisians. His dilemma is, that the first seem pushing him fatally back on the second. The proceedings in the *Corps Legislatif* have been of that excitable tone which is characteristic of Frenchmen in their hours of public rage. We sometimes hear American congressmen denounced as vituperative; but there is nowhere on the face of the earth any parliamentary vituperation equal to that occasionally exhibited in the French legislature. Members shake their fists in each other's faces; point pistols at each other's breasts; demand that each other's lives shall be publicly sacrificed; and, in short, do everything calculated to take away from a deliberative assembly all character of deliberation. But these French representatives are to be pardoned for their anger. They cannot look at the calamities which the Emperor has brought upon their country without vowing vengeance against that arch-enemy of France. If there is one man in Europe who has outlived his day, who belongs not to the present but to the past, who is a charlatan instead of a statesman, a usurper instead of a rightful prince, that man is Louis Bonaparte. Every drop of blood now flowing in Europe adds a new stain to his name. He is responsible, and he only, for this upheaval of the volcano of War. It was he, and he only, who made a causeless attack upon a great nation, that would not draw a sword except in self-defense. God pity the French people, but overthrow the French Emperor!

THE GREAT ADMIRAL.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT, weather-beaten in many climes, victorious in hard-contested battles, and tossed for sixty years on all seas, has furled his sails and dropped his anchor in the port of peace. The son of a soldier in the Revolution, and of a mother who knew how to defend her cabin against the savages, his whole life was worthy the patriotism of his father and the courage of his mother. He was only a little past ten years of age when he left the Tennessee mountains to enter the navy, and his career began in the distinguished courage and coolness of little Midshipman Farragut, only eleven years of age, in the brave battle of the brig "Essex," in Valparaiso harbor, against two British vessels. After showing the unflinching courage of a man in the desperate fight, he cried bitterly like a child, as he was, at the disappointment and defeat. His naval career blossomed thus early. Its ripe fruitage was only gathered half a century later, in another generation and in a civil war. Promising greatness in boyhood, achieving greatness in old age, the most of his life was passed in the monotonous routine of navy-yard and cruising service. It is only by the conjunction of two planets—the man and the opportunity—that a hero is produced. But that which conjoined to opportunity makes the man a hero must make the man excellent at all times; and Farragut—getting his promotions by the slow process of seniority, waiting through half a century for the vacancies made by deaths and dismissals, to rise through the different grades—was always faithful, diligent, excellent, in every duty assigned him. He availed himself of leisure on shore to study; he made use of the opportunities afforded by cruising duty to acquire the fluent use not only of French, Spanish, and Italian, but even of Arabic. The fifty years of obscurity between the brave boy at Valparaiso and the great commander at New Orleans was a half-century of diligent preparation.

When the Rebellion began, Farragut was off duty, at his home in Norfolk, Virginia. A native of Tennessee, educated in the conservatism of the navy, married to a Southern lady, and a resident of Virginia, it was to have been expected that the ties of nativity, kinship, marriage, and residence would carry the veteran commander with the South. At a time when even trusted men like Robert E. Lee deserted their colors, under the delusion of allegiance to state governments, when the navy and army alike seemed to be falling to pieces with the division of sentiment among the officers, it would have been no more than natural for Farragut to have yielded to the entreaties of kindred and the persuasions of leaders, and to have cast in his lot with his friends. But he who wept at eleven to see the flag go down from the peak of the "Essex" could not tear it down at sixty; and, in the midst of persuasions and threats like unheeded, he journeyed with his family in peril of his life through mob-ridden Baltimore to a Northern home. He might have rested now, after a long and useful career; but, on the contrary, he hastened to Washington, and offered himself at sixty to fight for his country.

How he fought we know. How he fought every school-boy in after generations shall tell. How he broke the great iron chain that fettered the Mississippi; how he bombarded Fort Jackson; how he sailed in the midst of that horrible hail of shot and shrapnel and shells from forts and batteries and ships and iron-clads; how, in the utter darkness of that yet undawned April morning, he was found fighting with guns and fire-rafts—fighting undaunted when his flag-ship was aground and afire; how he sunk the enemy's vessels, sending even the iron-coated ram "Manassas" to the bottom; and how the foresight and skill of the great commander achieved the victory, and carried his fleet through with small loss, and planted the flag again in the proud Southern metropolis—are not all these written in history?

A simple man, without imagination and with no taste for dramatic display, he was all the time doing the most dramatic things. Great actions on a great stage always impress the imagination. Where, in the history of naval warfare, is there anything more striking than Farragut's battle in the dark at New Orleans? And what more exciting than that stealthy creeping of the steamers in the night past the Port Hudson batteries, with the decks of the boats whitewashed, to enable the gunners to distinguish the piles of shot and shell? Add to this the sudden discovery of the boats, the lighting of the Confederate bonfire, the converging and furious fire of the batteries, which allowed but two boats to get by.

But this accidental dramatic effect in the life of an unpretending man came out most impressively at Mobile, where the old Admiral stood in the main-top of the "Hartford," tied to the mast, under fire from shore and sea, directing the movements of the iron-clads and gunboats that butted away at the almost impenetrable sheath of the great ram "Tennessee," attacking the formidable monster like hounds assaulting a furious wild beast. And, when his flag-ship was cut into, and the cry came, "Save the Admiral!" the old man in the main-top only thundered out: "Go on with speed. Ram her again!"

How much he had to do with the final success of our arms it would be hard to estimate. Congress and the country thanked him and made the rank of vice-admiral for him, and when he still won victories they made the still higher rank of admiral for him. Crowned heads feasted him, he was everywhere hailed and honored as one of the deliverers of his country, and his fellow-countrymen mourn him with the sincerest grief. He lived to the allotted threescore and ten, and spent sixty of his seventy years in the naval service of his country. He won distinction in a foreign war in childhood; he achieved glory in a civil war in old age; he lived and died faithful, diligent, brave, wise, glorious.

THE AGE, THE POPE, AND THE EMPEROR.

ONE would not think the Nineteenth Century so very much in advance of its eighteen predecessors, judging it by its very latest doings. An old man at Rome is pronounced, at his own request, by a venerable body, representing the largest part of Christendom, infallibly inspired and incapable of error in all his official opinions and actions. The Catholic Church has divested itself of its most jealously-guarded attribute of infallibility, and bestowed it upon the priest who may happen to be its head. And, contemporaneously with this ecclesiastical fatuity, an adventurer, who had waded through slaughter and perjury, assisted by the prestige of a name to which he notoriously has no legitimate claim, to one of the most splendid thrones of Europe, by his single will has arrayed two nations against each other in the deadliest strife, in which tens and scores of thousands of lives will be lost, armies of widows and orphans created, industry crippled, and honest trade made bankrupt throughout Europe, and all that a scrofulous boy of doubtful paternity may reign after him! For this is the real object of the war against Prussia, the flimsy original pretense for it having been already forgotten. It is a war of succession, indeed; but of French, and not of Spanish succession. It is waged to cement in the blood of Europe the despotic dynasty the foundations of which were laid in the blood of France. It showed unequivocal signs of crumbling, from its inherent rottenness; and hence this desperate and diabolical attempt to give it fresh strength through the prestige of military glory.

The Pope has virtually created himself into a god on earth, and his commands are as binding upon all true believers as if they were delivered amid the thunders of Sinai by the voice of God himself. What he binds is bound, and what he looses is loosed, in this world and in the next. If he declares a throne vacant, and absolves all its subjects from their allegiance, the erring monarch must, theoretically, make satisfaction or lose his crown. All laws of all kingdoms which recognize the supremacy of the Holy Father are void which he pronounces to be so, and obedience to them becomes mortal sin. All education, all literature must be regulated by his supervision and subject to his expurgation or prohibition. And we do not see how the dogma can be otherwise than retroactive. The present Pontiff and his successors are not made infallible merely by the original act of the Council of Rome. The fact only is recognized and announced that this prerogative inheres in the office, and has done so ever since the days of Peter. The circumstance that all previous councils have refused to allow that the final infallible authority of the Church was vested in the Pope, instead of in themselves, cannot alter the eternal truth. Consequently, all the official acts of all past Popes were from the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and therefore absolutely true. Among these authentic acts are the "Pontifical Decrees against the Motion of the Earth." These were not merely the act of the Congregations of the Index and of the Inquisition, but were directed and supervised by the infallible mind of the Pope himself. In the Index Expurgatorius of 1664 all books teaching that damnable heresy are expressly included, and Alexander VII confirmed the decision "by his apostolical authority." So the earth is to move no more in all good Catholic countries, but to stand stock still, by virtue of this decree of the mind which could not be mistaken. And that unlucky comet, too, is wandering about in space, with the apostolical curse clinging to its tail, and very likely not knowing what is the matter with it.

From this point of view it may be seen that the nineteenth century has not much to brag of. And still less when we look at France, and see millions of men ready to risk life, limb, and gold because one man thinks his personal advantage and that of his child will be promoted by the holocaust. It is, indeed, a most curious fact in the natural history of nations and of individuals that they are so ready and eager to put their liberties out of their own hands; that the many should be so swift to place themselves at the mercy of the few or the one. A curious instance of this idiosyncrasy is to be seen in the trades unions, international and Crispin associations, which exercise an intrusive tyranny such as no king or oligarchy have ever ventured upon. But, after all, the nineteenth century may have something to say for itself when it comes up for final judgment at the bar of posterity. The Pope is proclaimed infallible, with the right to give and take away sceptres and to ordain the beliefs of the world. But, then, kings and peoples, even the most devout, would laugh at him if he should attempt to turn his right into a power. Victor Emanuel has lived for years under excommunication without molestation, and will shortly help himself to the temporalities of the Church and establish himself in Rome under the nose of the Holy Father. And, though the Sovereign Pontiff may make and unmake dogmas, he has only the flames of hell with which to vindicate belief in them or obedience to them. The secular arm even of the most Catholic of lands refuses to light up the *auto da fé*, and permit torture and confiscation in his behalf. So that, even more than in Bunyan's time, all he can do is to grin at the heretics as they go by, and bite his nails because he cannot come at them. And so with regard to the tyrannous anomalies of temporal power. The nineteenth century has effectually put an end to the old superstition of divine right. Bonaparte is as absolute a despot—or was before this war—as ever reigned; but he claims his throne not by the grace of God, but by the choice of the people. The choice was a sham and a delusion, indeed; but the principle was admitted that the people are the only rightful fountain of honor and power. And, when King William or King Death shall have removed him out of the way, we may hope that the people will make a better choice for themselves. The nineteenth century has virtually vindicated this principle for all Christian nations, and before it has joined the long procession of the ages that have gone before it is safe to predict that it will be accepted in theory and practice by all Christendom.

PULPIT FEEBLENESS.

SWEDENBORG relates that, in one of his frequent expeditions to the spirit-land, he saw a group of ghosts who were trying to say something which they did not really believe; and, although they made the most desperate efforts, and swelled out their cheeks and moved their lips, they could not utter a word. There is a fine correspondence here intimated between things in this world and things in the other place. Here, as there, speaking without believing is, in fact, speaking without achieving. When the tongue attempts to express what the heart and the brain do not sincerely consent to, there may, of course, be the sound and the semblance of eloquence; but there is no power. And it is not necessary that there should be positive unbelief in order to result in feebleness; mere intellectual hesitation will be enough to make one weak.

Now, this principle, in our opinion, goes very far to account for whatever impotence there may be peculiar to the preaching of the present day. We bring no railing accusations against the men of the pulpit. We have often declared our conviction that as a body they are, on the whole, at least, equal to their predecessors in any century since the apostles. Yet no one is more prompt than they are themselves to admit that the public service of their order is not what it should be in real effectiveness. All reproaches, all complaints are utterly valueless, and worse, save as they tempt to an examination into the causes of the defect referred to.

What are the causes of this defect? They are several. Moreover, they are so delicate and so subtle that they are not to be discerned by one who undertakes their investigation in any satiric temper. On a number of occasions, hitherto, we have referred to some of them. It seems to us that none is more real, and none more commonly overlooked, than the cause at which we have just hinted above.

That a man may convince others, he needs himself to be convinced. If you would make me feel what you say, you must feel it yourself. The great speakers of history, clerical or lay, have been those who were, as the French say, *penetrated* by their message. We are so constituted that not only unbelief, but uncertainty, paralyzes us. The mightiest preachers have not usually been the strongest reasoners, or the deepest, or the most coherent; but they have always been absolutely sure at the moment of what in that moment they had to say. In fine, power in speech on any subject can only come from the mind made up.

Who does not see the profound and the pathetic bearing of this truth of human nature upon the problem set before us? Who has failed to note that ours is peculiarly a time of intellectual uncertainty, of minds standing appalled and hesitant, and of theology in a state of flux? "*On y rencontrera à chaque page*," says Tocqueville, "*un avertissement solennel qui rappelle aux hommes que la société change de formes, l'humanité de condition, et que de nouvelles, destinies s'approchent.*" That legend of the great political philosopher is applicable to all human interests and to all human discussions. The old forms of opinion are dissolving; the new ones have not yet become shaped; and the characteristic condition of all minds sensitive to the epoch is one that asks questions and gets no answers. All classes of civilized men feel this process of disintegration. It is in all literature, in all journalism, in all conversation, in the very air itself. Who can escape from the grasp of the age in which he lives? There are those who can. Old men can. Jesuits and other Catholic priests can. Men with enormously thick skulls can. Men with omnipotent wills can. Invincible bigots can. Fools can. But Protestant clergymen, under forty-five, in America, in tolerable health of body and mind, with here and there an exception, cannot. They are usually thoughtful and studious gentlemen, with souls thrown open to the influences which may stream in from life, nature, and books; and of them it may be said, more than of any other class, that they have to grapple with the currents of their age and to strive, for their own peace of mind, to reconcile the past with the future. If they had not to discourse publicly twice every Sunday, and as many times during the week; if they could pause before a doubt when they encountered one, and be silent until they have gone all round it and under and over it, and have perfectly solved it, it would not be so hard. But the one thing needful to them is to speak, and to speak on the most embarrassing topics, and to speak continually, and to speak whether their minds are satisfied or not.

When we think of all this, and remember, too, the story of Swedenborg and the group of ghosts, our wonder is not that the preaching of to-day is so feeble, but that it is so strong. The interrogation mark does not symbolize powerful preaching; but the interrogation mark does symbolize the mental attitude of many preachers.

What are the practical issues of this phase of our subject?

None more important than this: forbearance! The preachers, doubtless, have much to bear from their hearers. The hearers (Heaven help them!) have much to bear from the preachers. Yet it is but simple justice to the latter that we, the former, should remind ourselves—as we are tempted to impatience or scorn under the incertitude and the nervelessness of so much of the preaching that we hear, how these men of the pulpit are struggling with difficulties that the age lays upon us all. If we may see in them only fair-mindedness, candor, freedom from professional arrogance, such a love of the truth as prompts them to struggle for it, though they struggle long in vain, surely all else may be forgiven by charity and hope.

And how is the preacher himself to wage the war with these tremendous difficulties, and, by conquering them, gain that power of conviction which will lead to power of utterance? To answer that question worthily would require a volume rather than an article; but this, at least, may be said now. These difficulties have been conquered by men now living. Some men have stooped to conquer them; have deliberately stifled thought: have run away from these problems, instead of wrestling with them; have buried themselves in outward activities; have swallowed the opiate of credulity, or have put on the blinders of a dead man's dictum. A few, by purity of heart, by toil, by perseverance, by discriminating between what is essential and what is not, finally, by the good light which the Father gives to those willing to be illuminated, have passed through battle to victory and peace and power.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

IT would grieve us to suppose that the gentle-hearted Mr. Bergh would take the remark too personally; but we cannot help saying how odd it is that one of the earliest protests against cruelty to animals was made by an ass. Need we explain that we refer to the celebrated case in which Balaam appeared to so much disadvantage? If, however, some light-minded person should presume to infer from the above circumstance any sarcastic parallels between ancient and modern protests against this species of cruelty, we think it would be sufficient to reply that, whatever may have been the medium of the ancient one, it was made by direct inspiration of the Almighty: "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass." This, certainly, ought to shut the mouth of the trifler whose impertinent inference we have just hypothecated.

The history of this department of ethics is a very curious one; and from the prominence which has within recent years been given to it in America by the zeal of one good man it has a peculiar interest for ourselves.

Mr. Lecky, to whose admirable work on the "History of Morals" we are indebted for many illustrations of this subject, has noted the striking fact that concerning humanity to the lower animals the tone of the Old Testament is far more tender than that of the New. How numerous and how touching are the passages in the elder book relating to this kind of charity: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." The many beautiful traces of this sentiment which appear in the Old Testament gave way in the New Testament before "an ardent philanthropy, which regarded human interests as the one end and the relations of man to his Creator as the one question of life, and dismissed somewhat contemptuously, as an idle sentimentalism, notions of duty to animals." Thus St. Paul turned aside the precept concerning muzzling the ox with the rather disdainful question, "Doth God take care for oxen?"

Passing from the Hebrew Scriptures to Pagan history and literature, we find many evidences of the interest taken in the protection of animals by the ancients. Over these humble and speechless members of society the ancient legislator did not forget to throw some shield. The ox, pronounced by Varro to be "the fellow-laborer of man," and in all ages the huge and convenient receptacle for the blows of human brutality and impatience, was particularly cared for by the laws of the early Romans, the Egyptians, and the Greeks; while, according to Chateaubriand, there was an old Gallic law forbidding to throw a stone at an ox attached to the plough, or to make its yoke too tight. Quintilian tells of "a child who was even put to death on account of an act of aggravated cruelty to birds."

But it is in the writings of the ancient philosophers and poets that we find the most exquisite statements of the tender—so often, by an error, quoted as a biblical one—"the merciful man is merciful to his beast." Undoubtedly the most impressive of all these venerable authorities in favor of the sentiment in question was that of Pythagoras, from whose celebrated doctrine of the transmigration of souls it was but a single step in logic to the doctrine of mercy for those creatures that were thus regarded as the mute tenements of the spirits of deceased men and women. One can easily imagine what a constant and potent monitor against cruelty to animals this Pythagorean dogma was. How it must stay the arm raised in wrath to strike one's dog to reflect that possibly the aggravating brute may be the present residence of some dear departed friend! One can almost imagine some slight relenting in the thorny soul of a Broadway omnibus-driver, if he could be made to believe that in smiting his horses so ferociously he is in reality excoriating his first wife, or it may be even pummeling his beloved great-grandmother. We are very confident that all teamsters, hackmen, and stage-drivers whose minds have been imbued with the slightest tincture of enthusiasm for letters would take considerable care against losing their tempers in future by being made to understand that any unkindness shown to the horses under their charge might in reality be so much unkindness done to Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, or Dr. Watts. But, whatever we may now think of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, that doctrine was believed in ancient times by millions of persons in Europe, as it is still believed at the present day by millions of persons in Asia; and it must be spoken of as one of the most beneficent theories, in its practical tendencies, ever advanced in this world. For many ages, amid influences the most coarse and barbarizing, it has been a tremendous check upon man's inhumanity to brutes. But this doctrine was not the only barrier against such inhumanity. That animals have immortal souls, and are for this reason "within the circle of human duty," was believed by many Pagans, as it is and has been by many Christians. Moreover, the vast influence of Plutarch upon this subject ought not to be overlooked. This serene and fascinating moralist does not rest his teachings upon the dogma of transmigration. "He places the duty of kindness to animals," says Mr. Lecky, "on the broad ground of the affections; and he urges that duty with an emphasis and a detail to which no adequate parallel can, I believe, be found in the Christian writings for at least seventeen hundred years. He condemns absolutely the games of the amphitheaters, dwells with great force upon the effect of such spectacles in hardening the character, enumerates in detail and denounces with unqualified energy the refined cruelties which gastronomic fancies had produced, and asserts in the strongest language that every man has duties to the animal world as truly as to his fellow-men."

It would take too much space were we to produce any part of the voluminous evidence that exists to show that, excepting in some pretty legends of the saints, the influence of the Catholic Church has been unfavorable to the sentiment of consideration for animals. Indeed, within the boundaries of Christendom the doctrine is not more than a century old, and owes the impulse it has received either to Protestants, like Lord Erskine and Mr. Martin, or to Ishmaelites, like Beccaria, Mandeville, and Voltaire. But even Protestant nations have yet great improvement to make before they will be equal in this realm of moral culture to some of those heathens to whom they send missionaries—namely, the Brahmins and the followers of Mohammed.

"NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS."

WE never see this short and decisive inscription on anybody's gateway or door without a positive sense of envy. We never had the good luck to live behind any gateway or door so protected; so we do not know how far the community respects the prohibition. But it looks and sounds as if it must be far more formidable than a dozen bolts and bars; for our own part, we should as soon think of picking a till as of knocking on any such door in anything but the direst extremity.

If there only might be some recognized formula in social life which would be the precise correlative of this! What infinite gain! What saving of time and of patience! What saving, too, of actual material of those precious and subtle forces of brain and nerve which are our whole capital of life and living! Who shall reckon up, or who shall fathom, even by the measure of his own weariness and disgust, the amount of harm which has been done him by bores; the loss which has befallen him by interruptions; the bootless outlay which he has been forced to make of strength in enduring the presence and speech of idle, silly, purposeless people; the cost of the "pearls" which he never dreamed of "casting before swine," but which the swine came up and rent from his very hands!

We confess to some weariness of a certain kindly Christianity, which, speaking on this subject, says that, if our neighbor desire to see us, we ought to desire or at least be willing to see him; that it is selfish egotism, lack of humane interest in other men's welfare, lack of proper willingness to contribute to the world's amusement and profit, which make us find the presence and conversation of our fellow-beings so often insupportable. Undoubtedly there is something to be said on this side of the question. But there is something to be said on the other. We often are reminded of the French minister's reply to the applicant for office, who assigned as a reason for its being given to him that he "must live."

"Pardon me, but I do not perceive the necessity of it." One writhes a little at the savage cruelty of the satire; but it could not be quite so cruel except for the sharp gleam of truth at bottom of it.

Our idle and aimless and empty acquaintances—who of us has not a thousand, and has not made fifty new ones this summer? All "must live," for the hour, or the day, or the week, by help of more or less draining of the vitality, the information, the entire resources of other people. These are they who *end* about, making stays at public houses, frequent all places where crowds gather; and, when the houses are shut up, and crowds scattered, follow you to your parlor, nay, to your bedroom, and remain and remain, until you sink into a kind of dreamy syncope; the chambers of your brain seem filled with echoes of the fiendish raven's "Nevermore"; and, when at last they take their leave, you stare at the closing door with a sort of paralyzed incredulity, which leaves you too languid to feel the proper sense of relief.

If these came honestly, like beggars with baskets, saying, "We know that we are idle, and have never been taught to think or to learn; we are so tired and unhappy, we don't know what to do with ourselves; do be kind enough to tell us something," it would be quite a different thing. Then one's sympathy would be touched. We might often be very glad to set out of our best for them.

But they do no such thing. They come smirking with complacent courtesy. They find us "unsocial" if we do not at once take up the thread, if it can be said to have one, of their inane babble, and join on and in with responsive smiling. They give us the whole catalogue of their pecuniary difficulties; and expect you to listen to it with admiration, as to the list of rare treasures. Such feeble motion as their minds have is forever in a tiny circle, of which their own personal experience is center. Perhaps it widens out enough to take in an outer rim of silly or ill-natured gossip about their neighbors. Oh, the misery of listening to these empty, idle, garrulous human bores! But why do we say *human* bores? There cannot be any others. Hunt the animal kingdoms through to their uttermost corner, and no such creature shall be found. Into those beautiful realms of sweet, steadfast, untiring work there is "no admittance except on business."

THE ROMAN ENIGMA AND ITS MEANING.

THE Œcumenical Council has completed its labors, promulgated the deification of happy Pope Pius IXth, amidst general rejoicings and the thunder and lightning of heaven's artillery, and adjourned. We are safe in saying that it is the last Roman Council. For what does an infallible Pope want of councillors? The Protestant world has made both more and less of this Council than it deserved: more of its religious significance, less of its political significance.

The Rationalist holds that man has no infallible guide to divine truth. His reason, when illumined by love and conscience, is his guide, his only true guide. The best books are only serviceable landmarks; the wisest councilors are only previous pilgrims. The Protestant holds that there is an infallible guide. It is the Bible. He who follows its teachings can never go seriously astray. The Roman Catholic also declares that there is an infallible guide. But it is not the Bible. It is the living Church. A dead book does not suffice. A living witness, that can meet new heresies with new declarations, is essential. The Church alone can pilot us to God. The Church alone, containing his Spirit, is the true divine revelator of his will. From this dogma, as old as the Papacy itself, the Church has not swerved. It has simply employed a new mouthpiece. It has simply discovered that the Spirit of God abides not in the miters, but in the tiara. Very well! What difference to us? The tiara is no better than the miter. But it is no worse. We would as soon trust the infallibility of Pope Pius IXth as of his seven hundred and odd councillors.

For, mark! it is not Pius who is infallible, but the Church in the person of its Supreme Pontiff. It is not the man, but the official. Peter was fallible, and Paul withstood him to his face. But the author of the Epistle General of Peter was infallible when he wrote it. Pius is fallible as the humblest layman in his Church; but Pope Pius, with the tiara on his brow, is clothed with the omniscience of God. It is not the man, bless you; it is the tiara and the throne, which never err. These are the exact words of the decree:

"It is a dogma divinely revealed that the Roman Pontiff, when speaking *ex cathedra*—that is to say, when fulfilling the charge of pastor and doctor [teacher] of all Christians, in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines that a doctrine regarding faith or morals ought to be held by the Universal Church—enjoys fully, by the Divine assistance which has been promised him in the person of the blessed Peter, that infallibility which the Divine Redeemer wished his Church to have, in defining his doctrine touching faith or morals; and, consequently, such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are unchangeable in themselves, and not in virtue of the approval of the Church. If then any one, which may God forbid, have the temerity to contradict our definition, let him be anathema."

So much for the religious significance of the Council. Its political significance is vastly more important. Some of our contemporaries are surprised and perplexed by the infatuation of this body. Jesuitism, they tell us, has lost its sagacity. It has challenged the world. It has set against the Church the intelligence, the culture, the progress of the age. It is foolhardy. Whom the gods destroy they first make mad.

In fact, our puzzled cotemporaries misread the doings of the Council. The Jesuit Fathers have not been attempting to control the world, but to keep control of the Church. It was slipping out of their grasp. The age was getting too fast, the world too wide for them. They have been successively driven out of every kingdom in Europe. They have been once even abolished by Papal decree. The reader of history hardly needs to be reminded what an important part of history were their intrigues in Spain, France, the Netherlands, and England. Their intrigues to regain their old prestige have been unsuccessful. France and Germany have never readmitted them to her confidence. Austria has rebelled against them. Spain—half republican—has cast off allegiance to them. Even Italy herself is but imperfectly obedient. It is better, the Jesuit Fathers have said, to rule a united church and a small one than to serve in an independent church, though it be a universal one. The dogma of Papal infallibility means that France, and Germany, and England, and America, and the Orient must all bow the neck to the Italian yoke, or proclaim a new declaration of independence. It means that Dupanloup, and Rauscher, and Schwarzenburg, and Strossmayer must do the bidding of the Supreme Pontiff—that is, of the "black Pope"—or surrender their claim to be called good Catholics. The dogma of Papal infallibility is a triumph of the Italian ring over the piety and patriotism of the Catholic Church.

There are few delusions more widespread than that which imagines the Roman Catholic Church to be one. From the days of Paschal it has been rent by contentions more bitter than the Protestant Church ever knew. Unitarian and Orthodox have never hated each other half so bitterly as Jansenist and Jesuit. There is far more fellowship to-day between Dr. McCosh and Bishop Simpson than between Pope Pius IXth and Bishop Strossmayer. The Vatican is a battle-field. The dogmatic decree is a victory of Jesuitism. Henceforth the Roman Catholic Church is under the despotic sway of Father Beckx, general of the Order of Jesus. Will Father Hyacinthe, and Archbishop Dupanloup, and Bishop Strossmayer, and Cardinal Schwarzenburg submit? Or will there be schism, a new secession, a new Protestantism? That remains to be seen. Something doubtless depends on how Father Beckx wields his scepter.

Meanwhile, THE INDEPENDENT gives cordial greeting to the sturdy defenders of liberty in the Council. It has faith for them that they will be as sturdy to defend it out of the council-hall as in it.

WATERING PLACES.

IT is a good deal the fashion to inveigh against watering places; but we notice that almost everybody that can afford it, and a good many that can't, contrive to get to one or another of them in the course of the season. And small blame to them if they do. The man who invented watering places deserves a blessing; if not so full and absolute a one as that Sancho invoked on him that invented sleep, still a cordial one. They are the common villas of the dwellers in the cities, who cannot afford to have one to themselves. There they find change of scene and of air, a change of idleness or a relaxation from business; all of which are excellent medicines for the weary mind or the overtasked body. The vices of watering places, though common to them all, are not essentially inherent in them, and may be avoided by all who do not seek them. But the "wide-weltering waves" of the Atlantic, as they come thundering in on the shore of Long Branch or Cape May, urged by the whole power of the ocean behind them, or its gentler billows, that roll themselves lazily up the beach at Newport, cannot but wash from the soul a good deal of the perilous stuff that has accumulated about it during a twelvemonth's world's work, if they be used aright. And not only the waters of the sea, but the airs of the mountains, respired on the highs of the White Hills, or of Sharon, or the Catskills, are good for the mind as well as the body. Idleness, gambling, flirtation, and other pastimes, which are associated in men's minds with these resorts, are not of their essence. They furnish just that proportion of temptation to be resisted which is necessary for the healthy exercise of the higher powers of the soul.

The fountains of healing waters have always been the resort of the sick and the impotent ever since their virtues were discovered. We are not quite sure when they became the resort of the sound and the gay, in search of amusement rather than health. But those authentic chroniclers, Count Anthony Hamilton and Mr. Samuel Pepys, have shown us that Tunbridge Wells were resorted to by the fair and frail originals of the Lely portraits at Hampton Court, in the days of that Most Religious King, Charles II, for other purposes than that of drinking the waters. Bath was frequented by the seekers of pleasure as well as of health in the same century, if not earlier; and, since then, Fielding, and Smollett, and Jane Austen have peopled it with the beings of the mind that are not of clay. Ballston, we believe, was the first watering place properly so called on this side the ocean. If anybody ever reads "Salmagundi" nowadays (and there is much worse reading, let us say in passing), they may know all about "that notorious slaughter-house of time," as Anthony Evergreen calls it "which only wanted six things—good air, good wine, good living, good beds, good company, and good humor—to be the most enchanting place in the world, excepting Botany Bay, Mosquito Cove, Dismal Swamp, and the Black Hole at Calcutta." Saratoga soon eclipsed its humbler neighbor; and since then the number of spots which contend for the superiority of water or air, as attractions to the idle multitude, their name is legion. All along the coast, and stretching far into the inland, we find these establishments holding out their inducements of air or of water, of fashion, of cheapness, of gayety, or of quiet, so that all manner of men and of women may find that which their soul loveth.

The multiplication of these resorts is a proof of the corresponding multiplication of wealth in the country, and of the change which has come over the habits of the people. Fifty years ago the universal summer dispersion of the well-to-do classes was unknown. The cities then held their inhabitants in summer as well as in winter; and the number of persons having country-seats, or who made up for the want of them by frequenting watering places, was comparatively small. Now all the regions where the Upper Ten or those who ape them dwell are deserted as Tadmor in the Wilderness during the hot months. And of these, and of the multitude of lawyers, merchants, teachers, students, master-mechanics, the mass of them seek for a brief change and repose at some one of these retreats, where they are relieved for a while from the cares of life, and have amusement of one kind and another furnished ready to their hands. And it is good that it should be so. People are taken out of the well-beaten and dusty track of their daily lives, and set down in fresh places, by healing waters, or by the roar of the sea, or on the breezy sides of mountains. And, more than this, all classes of men and women are brought into a contact impossible elsewhere, and which can do them no harm and may do them much good. There is no need of venturing into the den of "the tiger," who lies in wait for prey at all the chiefest of them; nor yet to yield to the seductions of other forms of Vice, who is to be found everywhere if you seek her, but who may be everywhere avoided by those that hate her. "Vice," as Thackeray says, "is an accommodating servant, and has no objection to the country." Of course, she has none to those places where the idle, her readiest victims, most do congregate. But no one is obliged, there or elsewhere, to take her into their service. On the whole, therefore, we hold watering places, like all other places and things, to be good for those who know how to use them well.

Editorial Notes.

THE Established Church in England is working away at projects of church union. But it always proposes to accomplish it by the same method—that of *dejutition*. It wants to swallow its own offspring—offspring toward whom the mother has never shown any tenderness except when endeavoring to persuade them to resign themselves to the process of absorption. In convocation, recently, Dean Alford thought that church and state was the only bar to union, the Archdeacon of Gloucester thought it was the lack of discipline in the Church, while the Archdeacon of Ely, who must be a most profound philosopher, suggested that the true cause of dissent is that there are not enough bishops! The Lower House of Convocation passed a resolution looking to negotiations with Nonconformists. But Dean Stanley, ever wise and liberal, said he did not believe that it was simply "ecclesiastical circumstances" that had led to complete separation, and suggested that social intercourse would be the best means of bringing them together. It surely would be the best means of producing a brotherly unity of feeling; the best means of ending the arrogant and contemptible exclusiveness of the churchmen; and, when unity of spirit and fraternal liberality of feeling is brought about, that is all that is to be desired.

....The American New Church Congregational Union (Swedenborgian) have expressed themselves against the custom of wearing mourning. The report represents that the wearing of black is not expressive of faith in the beauty and brightness or even in the reality of the spiritual world. The report urges also that this custom and that of long funeral trains of hired carriages is expensive and burdensome. The *Philadelphia Press*, commenting on this report, says:

"We most emphatically and heartily approve of this movement, and hope it may succeed. Heathenish conformity in outwardly doing away with all extravagant and conspicuous forms of mourning the dead. It is natural that some outward demonstration should be given that the heart within is depressed by the loss of a near relative or loved friend, and the avoidance for a time of even gayer dress and gay demeanor are to be expected. The object should be to avert attention, not to court it by elaborate and costly apparel of a peculiar and conspicuous color. As to funeral trains, it is certainly the height of absurdity that the relatives of a deceased person should be expected to hire a score carriages, and, for the sake of display, fill them with people who could not otherwise be induced to attend the obsequies. Common sense and common propriety would seem to dictate that a bereaved family should be called upon to provide carriages for its own members only, and that such persons who do not feel a sufficient interest in the ceremonies should find conveyance at their own expense."

....We will say this for *The Advance*, that in Rev. R. W. Dale it has an exceedingly valuable English correspondent. He is, perhaps, the ablest leader of the English Independents. By an accident, *The Advance* published his last letter without his name, which we are sorry for, as we would have been glad if it had been given as an endorsement to the opinion expressed of the Hindu reformer, Chunder Sen. Mr. Dale says:

"I had the opportunity not long ago of having two or three hours' conversation with Mr. Sen, and was greatly attracted by him. He said that, having studied western literature and science in one of the government colleges, Hindooism became incredible to him, and for a time he lost all faith in the existence of God and of a divine Savior. When I asked him how he explained the origin of his faith in one God, he replied that he could not explain it except by ascribing it to God himself. 'Do you mean,' I said, 'that God has revealed Himself to his hand on you, and by a direct and supernatural influence on your soul brought you to his knowledge?' 'That is exactly what I mean.' And the impression he left upon my mind was that he has been really taught of the Holy Ghost. There is a wonderful sweetness and gentleness about him, and, if he only declared himself a Christian, no Christian man would hesitate to believe that he had received the gift of the Spirit. Whether he is likely to be led to the fuller knowledge of Christ is a question which I know not how to answer; but it will be wonderful to me if he is not."

....Brick Pomeroy makes a palpable hit, as follows:

"Suppose Abe Lincoln had taken his boy 'Tad' out to Arlington Heights at the

Catholic Church. There is no doubt the measure, which has already passed a second reading in the House, will become a law.

....England is in advance of us. She has established several ministerial "intelligence offices." To these offices any vacant parish may apply for a servant (of the church), and any distressed clergyman for a situation. The price of the market is not high at the time of our writing, if we may judge from the quotations in *Chambers's Journal*. Two hundred clergymen are reported as "out of employment." One man—who, with unconscious self-satire, has described his "views" as moderate—ventures to demand £100 a year. Only seven aspire to £150. A single divine underbids these by £10. Thirty-five ask for £120, and the other 150 or so of reverend gentlemen are actually going—or wanting to go—for £100 a year or less; several asking less than a good butler's wages, and one offering himself for "10s. 6d. a service and his traveling expenses." The whole 200 could be procured for less than half the price paid for a bishop.

....Both Episcopalians and Presbyterians are organizing churches in Utah Territory. The corner-stone of St. Mark's church was laid in Salt Lake City, by Bishop Tuttle, on July 30th. It is to be constructed of stone, and ready for occupancy by the 1st of October. It will be a free church. Rev. T. E. Bayliss sends us an appeal, too long for insertion, for a Presbyterian church in the only Gentile city of Utah—Corinne. He is the only resident minister in the place, and the only Presbyterian clergyman between Cheyenne, Wyoming, and Elko, Nevada, a distance of 792 miles. In three months' time a Sabbath school of 56 scholars has been called together and a church of 10 members has been organized. A church edifice is urgently needed. It will cost $5,000. It will readily be imagined the 10 members cannot erect it themselves.

....The "Continuing Committee of the New York Branch of the Freedman's Union Commission" (like a grandee of Spain, this body enlarges its title as its estate diminishes) reports that it has employed, for longer or shorter periods, fifty-five teachers, of whom forty-two were colored, and of these last fourteen were natives of the South. Eight teachers have been engaged in the normal schools at Alexandria, Va., and Elizabeth City and New Berne, N. C.; while most of the others have taught "country schools" in Maryland and Virginia, where the people have supplied the fuel, bought their books, and paid the teacher's board—ten, twelve, and even sometimes fifteen dollars a month. The largest number of pupils under instruction at one time was 2,577, with an average attendance of 1,909—about forty-four pupils to each teacher.

....The visit of Keshub Chunder Sen has led to the organization of an association to be called the Bristol Indian Association, the objects of which are to promote by voluntary effort the enlightenment and improvement of the Hindoos; to obtain parliamentary action where necessary; to extend a knowledge of India and interest in her throughout our country; and to co-operate with enlightened natives of India, and especially with Keshub Chunder Sen, in their efforts for the improvement of their countrymen. In all the action of this association the government principle of non-interference in all religious and social customs is to be strictly maintained.

....Chevalier Ernest de Bunsen denies or, rather, corrects the statement attributed to him that three-fourths of the Protestant population in Germany deny the divinity of Christ. It is, he explains, the doctrine of the divinity of Christ only as it is interpreted by the dogmatism of St. Athanasius and the Council of Nice. He probably means the Athanasius Creed, which Athanasius had nothing to do with. He adds, very sensibly and truly: "The great majority of Protestants in Germany, as in other countries, abhor the very idea of interpreting the Bible by the creeds, and prefer to interpret the creeds by the Bible."

....The hymn-book of the Episcopal Church, once one of the very best, but now somewhat antiquated, is undergoing revision. A summer meeting of the committee was held recently at the country-seat of Bishop Huntington, at Hadley, Mass. There were present Bishops Clark, of Rhode Island; Bedell, of Ohio; Huntington, of Central New York; and Rev. Dr. Howe, of Philadelphia. It is reported that they spent from 8 to 12 hours a day in session. Pretty good for summer work!

....Dr. Robinson, in the *Congregationalist*, gives a sorry picture of Protestant missions abroad. "In poor Florence seven factions stand belligerently facing each other"—the Waldenses, two Episcopal enterprises, Dr. Van Nest's congregation, Ferretti's schools, Mr. Langdon, and the Mission of the American Foreign and Christian Union (though that is now withdrawn), besides both the Scotch and the English Presbyterians and the Plymouth Brethren. What a front to present in the capital of Italy!

....Cheyenne illustrates the fact that our religious progress does not lay behind our industrial and commercial enterprise. With a population of about 4,000, this enterprising little city, the capital of Wyoming Territory, contains five churches—an Episcopalian, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Congregational, and a Roman Catholic—all erected during the last three years, at an aggregate cost of about $24,000. Three years ago there was but one house of any kind in the place.

....*"De vedaltetlenlokonhah, akaweyanendahonh, swadonn haralze Royance neh. Non gwahyatonse ok ne akwarenal ne nisekeh, kwanigook with uch orighni ya ji yogh watsh deyanikonghraghat, nok nisegeh neek wahhy enyisayadaks."*

Are you curious to know what this means? It is the Oneida (Indian) version of the first verse of the third chapter of Philippians:

"Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord. To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe."

....In London a society has been organized for succoring the wounded in the impending battles, irrespective of their nationality. The Prince of Wales is at the head of the society, which will appeal to all the churches in the kingdom, irrespective of denominational lines, for contributions to its treasury.

....At the recent session of the French Methodist Conference statistics were given as follows: Chapels and other preaching-places, 194; ministers, 30; evangelists and teachers, 22; local preachers, 101; members, 2,049, but the effect of such a plan in our own regiments would be to add a clerical contingent of about 100 men to each.

....Dr. Guinness reports great success in the distribution of the Scriptures in France. The officials interpose no objections; the parish priests are unable, even if inclined, to prevent the work; and the people receive the Bible with avidity.

....Cornelius Vanderbilt has purchased the Mercer-street church, (vacated by the union of the Mercer-street and Tenth-street Presbyterian churches), at a cost of $50,000, and presented it to Dr. Deems's "Church o the Strangers."

....The Universalist denomination are doing what they can to settle woman in the ministry. Miss Hansford, at New Haven, Miss Brown, at Bridgeport, and Miss Chapin, at Grinnell, Iowa, are all reported as successful preachers.

....A new association has been formed called the "National Anti-secret Society." One of its objects is to exclude from the church all persons who have any connection whatever with secret societies of any kind.

....Cardinal Antonelli has recently married one of his nephews to a Spanish lady of fortune, and has proved himself equal to the occasion by bestowing upon the happy pair a sum equivalent to $1,000,000.

....Fourteen million copies of Spurgeon's sermons are reported to have been sold in England and three hundred thousand in America; and Spurgeon is but thirty-six years old.

....The Wesleyan Methodists report a membership of 1,146,031, and a subscription or thankoffering during the centenary year of $3,339,663.

News of the Week.

The series of victories gained by the Prussian armies at Wissenhoung, Woerth, Saarbruck, Hagenau, and Forbach were even of a more decisive nature and more disastrous to the French arms than was suspected from the dispatches to hand at date of our last issue. The Prussian forces—in three grand armies, under the several commands of the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Frederick Charles, and General Steinmetz—simultaneously delivered battle to the French corps under Marshal McMahon and Generals De Failly and Frossard, along their whole line, stretching from the foot of the Vosges Mountains to the right bank of the River Saar; and, after a long and desperately contested struggle, the French were completely defeated, losing heavily both in men and military supplies. Owing to the strict censorship exercised over the publication of war news, by both the French and Prussian governments, the details pertaining to these severely contested battles have been exceedingly meager. But enough has become known to establish the fact that the losses were very heavy on both sides, and the French forces were obliged to abandon their former line on the Saar and withdraw to the Moselle, thus uncovering the fortified city of Strasbourg, on the River Rhine, which the Prussians have since laid siege to with an army of 60,000 men, and are now bombarding, with the prospect of its early reduction. With the same celerity of movement which characterized the Crown Prince and his army in the seven days' campaign which culminated in the defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa, he now rapidly pushed forward his forces in the vicinity of Thionville, and, sweeping through the Vosges, Pfalzburg, the guardian fortress of the main pass, fell into his hands without a blow). It will up with McMahon's retreating forces, as they fell back toward Nancy. On Saturday last the Prussian cavalry succeeded in cutting the railroad communication between Paris and Metz, at Frouard, thereby forcing McMahon to retreat beyond the Moselle, in order to re-establish his communications with Sedan and the forces in and around Metz, under the command of Marshal Bazaine. As the French were crossing the Moselle, the Prussians again attacked them, and severe fighting ensued, with heavy losses on both sides. Both combatants claim the victory. But, however that may be, the Prussians occupied Nancy, which is the point of connection of two important lines of railway, and McMahon has fallen back to Toul, twelve miles distant, on the line of the Meuse, which has been invested by the Prussians and summoned to surrender. In the meantime, the Prussian right wing center had moved forward on southern lines, and arrived within striking distance of the French forces around Metz. It was expected that the French would make a decided stand at this point, and a battle would be fought which would determine the issues of the war. On Sunday the Prussians attacked the French, and, though the fighting was severe, the Emperor appeared to avoid a decisive battle, and commenced to withdraw his forces from Metz, in the direction of Verdun. Upon seeing this, the Prussians threw their advance on the rear of the French army as it was passing the Moselle, and a battle ensued which, according to our meager dispatches, resulted in no paramount benefit to either combatant, unless it were to hasten the French retreat. From the present aspect of affairs as we go to press, Napoleon, finding his communications cut both above and below Metz, and feeling his position no longer tenable, withdrew his main forces across the Moselle and has fallen back to Verdun, to form a line covering the road to Paris, leaving a garrison in the fortifications of Metz to stand any siege which may be laid by the Prussians. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that, before leaving Metz, Napoleon issued the following proclamation:

> "In quitting you to fight the invaders, I confide to you the defense of this great city. You will allow the enemy to take possession of this sacred soil of France, and I trust you will rival the army in your courage. I shall ever remember with pride the recollection I have found within your walls, unless in more joyous times I may be able to return thanks you for your noble conduct."

It is further made probable by the following dispatch received by the Queen of Prussia from King William, dated in the vicinity of Metz, on Sunday evening:

> HEADQUARTERS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMIES.
> INTHE FIELD, HERNY, Aug. 16th.
> "Dearest wife: we proved victorious in a great battle which has just been fought before Metz. Our First and Second Army Corps were engaged in the fight, behaving nobly. I have decided on further details of conduct. I proceed at once to the battle field.
> (Signed) WILLIAM.

The severe reverses which have befallen the French arms have, as may naturally be expected, caused the most intense excitement throughout the country, especially in the cities of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles. The revolutionary element has put forth itself—not alone in the streets, but even in the *Corps Legislatif*. Violent debates in the Chamber of Deputies, and about a ministerial crisis, and a new ministry was formed, as follows: Count Palikao, minister of war; De la Tour d'Auvergne, minister of foreign affairs; Henri Chevreau, minister of the interior; Grandperret, minister of justice; De Genouilly, minister of the marine; Pierre Magne, minister of finance; Jerome David, minister of public instruction; Julies Brame, minister of commerce; Busson-Billault, president of the councils of state. Republican demonstrations are frequent. The cry of "down with the Emperor" is uttered in the places. M. Thiers gives it as his opinion that the empire is at an end, and a state of anarchy inevitable. The city of Paris is now placed in condition for a vigorous defense, and should the Prussians push back the French to that point and lay siege to their capital, the force for defense is estimated by the *Opinion Nationale's* at 130,000 men. The forts are mounted with 600 guns. The Parisians evidently expect to be obliged to defend their city. But its best defense will now appear to be on the line of the Meuse or the Meuse. If forced to retire from these positions, Chalons or Paris would hardly offer but feeble resistance to an advancing force of the enemy, flushed with almost unparalleled series of victories. It would be that the next decisive battle may be fought in the overthrow of the Napoleonic dynasty.

The spirit of neutrality seems to fully pervade the neighboring powers in Europe in reference to the duel now progressing between France and Prussia. Russia, Austria, and Spain have each individually declared their determination to stand aloof and by no means as their own interests are violated; the French press admit that the decision of the Duke de Cadore to Denmark has proved a failure; and it is reported that Victor Emanuel—between whom and the French Emperor there existed an alliance offensive and defensive—has wrote a letter to Napoleon, saying: "I gave you my word, and am ready to keep it; but I must tell you, should you be Italy, I may never re-enter it." It is said the Emperor has released the King from his promise.

The Ohio Republican State Convention nominated its state ticket, and put forth a platform for the October elections, embracing the choice of a full delegation to the forty-second next Congress. The platform is in favor of the continued ascendancy of the Republican party, endorses President Grant's administration, declares the party in favor of honest tariff discriminating in behalf of home industry, in favor of a change in the present laws permitting the registration of bank-built vessels, and against the policy granting subsidies of public lands to railroad operations and monopolies. The sympathy of the resolutions is fairly with the French as against the French in the pending European conflict.

The marked effect of the French reverses is a general revival of the republican party in Italy and Spain. In the former country it is reported that Menotti Garibaldi is at work inciting demonstrations against the Pope in order to prevent the French sympathies of the Italian Government from taking practical form. In the latter country the republicans are exultant over the prospects of the destruction of the republic in France, and the consequent establishment in Spain.

The ladies of Cheyenne, W. T., have called a convention to discuss the women's rights question. One of a series of resolutions offered by them declares that "the ladies will help themselves of the political privileges and powers bestowed upon them to elect delegate to Congress the candidate who was possessed of a good moral character and was favorable to woman's franchise, irrespective of his political proclivities."

....A dispatch from Hong Kong states that the French consulate at Canton was attacked by a mob on the 21st of July, and the consul was forced to seek protection under the British flag. The rabble threatened foreigners generally. Shanghai advices express fears that there will be another attack on foreigners at Tien-tsin. The gunboats in those waters threaten to shell the town. An extra military guard has been established around the city.

....In Portsmouth, N. H., on Sunday last, after a lingering illness, died Admiral David Glascoe Farragut, sixty-nine years of age. His long years of gallant service in our navy, crowned by his brilliant deeds at New Orleans, Mobile, and Port Hudson, made his name world-known and honored; and the nation deeply laments his loss.

....Owing to extreme hot weather, sickness, and rains, military operations in the Island of Cuba are for the present paralyzed. It is thought by some residents of the island that hostilities will continue through the coming winter.

....Captain William Willard, for many years warden of the Connecticut State Prison, was murdered by a convict, on the 14th inst., who thrust through his cell-door a shoe-knife attached to a cane, which entered the victim's abdomen, resulting in death.

....Twelve men were precipitated down the shaft of a coal-mine in Pottsville, Pa., on the 10th inst., striking the bottom, at a depth of 200 feet. Cause: the giving away of the hoisting machinery. Result: six killed and others terribly wounded.

....The Anti-Chinese Convention recently held in San Francisco, Cal., was a farce; its proceedings being characterized by personalities and bickerings, and no permanent organization being effected.

....The strikes among the coal-miners of Pennsylvania are at an end. All the men are back to work on the old scale of prices. A declension in the price of coal will probably result.

....As one of the results of the Franco-Prussian war, the Emperor has recalled the French troops which have so long done garrison duty in Rome. The last of them embarked on the 8th inst.

....Gen. Sheridan, on his arrival at Berlin, Prussia, received marked official attention. At last accounts he had gone to the headquarters of the Prussian army.

....The Labor Convention of Colored Men will be held at Saratoga on the 24th inst., instead of the 17th, as previously announced.

....The yellow fever has prevailed to quite an alarming extent in Philadelphia. Eleven persons have already fallen victims to it.

Publisher's Department.

AMERICAN FASHIONS.

We take pleasure in notifying our readers that we shall publish in THE INDEPENDENT four different pages of engravings of styles, gotten up by those celebrated designers and acknowledged leaders in American fashions, Messrs. Butterick & Co., of Broadway, giving the first page in our next illustrated number of September first.

This house has heretofore met with wonderful success, employing at this time oven one hundred and eighty persons in designing, draughting, fitting for and cutting patterns; and we predict a still larger field of operations for them in the future. Should this European war continue for any considerable length of time, we see no reason why the Herald of Fashion should not be transferred from Paris to New York; or, in other words, why the native Temple of Fashion, the superstructure of which has already been laid by the above enterprising firm, should not be completed here, and be the source from which the world may draw with satisfaction.

We have the cultivation and refinement needed, coupled with modest propriety and practical utility. We have great originality of invention and adaptation, which, if brought into requisition, commends itself in this as has been done in all other departments of art, science, or mechanics.

Why, then, shall we continue to copy from others for the styles of vesture we wear? Where the necessity, then, that we shall imitate the styles of any other people, be they plain or gay, modest or otherwise? There is no reason, no necessity for all this; and we hope that the efforts of such home institutions as (like Butterick's) possess true merit will be appreciated and patronized by our people. We excel in everything else relating to art. Why suffer dictation in this?

We shall give a page of these engravings occasionally, of which due notice will be given in THE INDEPENDENT.

DON'T GET EXCITED.

Go to C. C. Richmond, 573 Broadway, and ask him to take your measure for a pair of French calf, *glove-fitting* summer shoes, and you will never get excited about *hot feet* in hot weather. Merchants get cross to their customers, drive them away, and lose money by losing their temper. Richmond will cure all such with a pair of his inimitable summer shoes, and keep them sweet-tempered from morning till night. Bankers lose money, and sometimes lose a fortune, by losing their temper over their corns. They say corn-founded and sundry other wicked, unmentionable words. Richmond's summer shoes, made from his delicate, silky French calf-skins, that fit like a glove, and yet are perfectly comfortable, will convert all such cross fellows into smiling gentlemen. Hear us further.

First, If you want to prepare for *business*, and have a good *understanding* with all your fellow-men, ask Richmond to help you. If you want to prosper, we tell you to *wear comfortable shoes*. If you want to live to a good old age, take care of your feet; and thus preserve an even temper, without which you cannot have good health. Do you hear what we say?

Secondly, Your wife and children, your clerks and servants, and all your friends will suffer when you are cross. Look at your poor, ill-shaped, cramped-up, imprisoned feet. There is the trouble. Go to Richmond, and get cured.

Finally, We have tried Richmond when all other doctors have failed. We are now the happy owners of a pair of his wonderful glove-fitting summer shoes, and we are—delighted.

In conclusion. Richmond's prices are reasonable. Richmond is a gentleman. Richmond means business. Richmond wants to increase his trade; and, fellow citizens, our word for it, he will be successful to the *last*—so long as he makes such good summer shoes.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Our readers will notice the advertisement of Eastman College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in this paper. This famous Institution has now a world-wide reputation. More than ten thousand young men probably have been drilled and prepared for business in this great practical educational university. Mr. Eastman is a thorough business man himself, and knows what kind of talent is in demand among merchants, bankers, and others everywhere. Indeed, he also knows that the scarcest article in market is a thoroughly educated, well-trained student for business. His manufactory turns out a rare article, which is now beginning to supply the demand which exists in every quarter. Having tried this Institution ourselves, we know something of its value, and most cheerfully commend it to our nearly half a million readers.

INVESTING MONEY.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements of Jay Cooke & Co., George Opdyke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Tanner & Co., Luther Kountze, Hatch & Foote, Caldwell & Co., Turner Brothers, Henry Clews & Co., White, Morris & Co., Gwynne, Johnson & Day, Gilman, Son & Co., Lawrence Bros. & Co., Condict & Co., Wm. P. Converse & Co., Utley & Dougherty, Thomas Denny & Co., Parker & Lawrence, Litchfield, Dana & Stimson, Robinson, Chase & Co., and others, who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

PATENT VALVE JARS.

WE have noticed the merits of the above Jar in a former number. They are the only self-sealing Jars which we have ever seen used; and, as the "proof of the pudding is in the eating," we are now able to speak in positive terms of praise of this splendid Jar.

A few days since, we called at the fruit-preserving factory of Mr. C. C. Williams, No. 13 Furman street, Brooklyn, where no other Jar is used; and were shown stacks of preserved fruit and vegetables in these Jars, piled from floor to ceiling, not only in the most perfect state of preservation, but each berry and kernel as perfect in form and color as when plucked from the vine and retaining the natural flavor, proving that this Jar has no superior for the purposes it so well subserves.

TO THE MERIDEN FIRE.—CARD.

To our patrons and the public we wish to acknowledge our thanks for past favors, and to inform them that, notwithstanding the large fire on the morning of the 16th inst. in one of our factories, by which about four hundred feet of the third, fourth, and fifth stories were almost entirely consumed, it is our intention to have the same rebuilt and in running order before September 1st.

Having six other factories, we are prepared to fill general orders promptly for our ware, either silver-plated or unplated, as heretofore.

Yours, respectfully,
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
West Meriden, Conn., and No. 199 Broadway, N. Y.

JULY 25th, 1870.

HAWK, HAWK, SPIT, SPIT, BLOW, BLOW, and disgust everybody with the offensive odor from your Catarrh, just because some old fogy doctor who has not discovered and will not believe that the world moves tells you that it cannot be cured. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by druggists, or send sixty cents to R. V. Pierce, M. D., 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., for it. A pamphlet free. Beware of *counterfeits* and *worthless imitations*. Remember that the Genuine has Dr. Pierce's private Government Stamp upon each package. This Stamp, issued by the United States Government expressly for stamping Dr. Pierce's medicine, has his portrait, name, and address engraved upon it, and need not be mistaken.

SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARENTS and others interested in the education of children should look at our advertising columns for important information in regard to the best educational institutions in the country. Good, reliable teachers are never plenty, and good and safe places for the young are also scarce. Reader, if you are interested we can help you perhaps in deciding what is best to do. See Educational Column.

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of the Hightstown Classical Institute.

We learn that this institute has been graded among the best training schools which have sent students to the neighboring colleges. It may, therefore, be expected to give entire satisfaction to those who desire a boys' school which furnishes comfortable lodging, good boarding, and thorough instruction.

SWISS CARVED GOODS

The Swiss M'f'g Co., 36 East 14th St, cor. University Place.

NOTICES.

SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF A. B. C. F. M. The sixty-first Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be held at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montague street, near Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y., commencing TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1870, at 10 A. M. Sermon, Tuesday Evening, by Rev. JOHN P. STEARNS, D.D., of Newark, N. J. The sermon will be delivered at the Church of the Pilgrims, corner of Henry and Remsen streets.

The usual arrangements will be made to entertain those in attendance at the meeting, but especial attention is requested to the following items on the part of those who expect to be present.

1.—Ou persons as Honorary Members, Missionaries, and other friends who intend to be present are requested to send notice of such intention, by letter addressed to Rev. H. H. MCFARLAND, 157 South Portland Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., before the 14th of September.

2.—For local reasons, it will not be in the power of the Committee to return direct free tickets of entertainment to those whose names are thus received; but all others are certain that on application to the Secretary of the Academy of Music immediately upon arriving in the city, tickets or places will be procured them. The Academy is reached by street cars constantly running from Fulton Ferry.

3.—The Committee cannot promise to provide places for any who apply after the above date.

4.—All persons who, after making application, find that they will not be able to attend, should give prompt notice to Rev. H. H. MCFARLAND, so above, that their places may be available for others.

5.—It is not certain that any reduced arrangements can be made for reduction of fares on the railways in connection with said meeting.

The friends of the Board will see the importance of observing these conditions, if they reflect upon the labor involved in furnishing entertainment for the large numbers attending the meeting, especially among families, many of whom do not return to the city until late in September. RICHARD S. STORRS, JR.,
Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.
WALTER S. GRIFFITH, *Secretary.*

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.'S

TOP LABEL. BOTTOM LABEL.

New Haven 130 SIX SUPERIOR SIX CORD MACHINE THREAD Cord

SOFT FINISH SPOOL COTTON.

A Thread, as will be seen from the following certificates,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO SEWING MACHINES.

Office of Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, 625 Broadway.
NEW YORK, March 1st, 1869.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.
WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Weed Sewing Machine Company,
HARTFORD, August 20th, 1868.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.—GENTS:—During the last six months we have thoroughly tested your Tycoon Six Cord Spool Cotton in various ways—as we believe—running it on the respective Machines at the Factory, displaying Machines to customers, and doing all kinds of sewing at our offices; supplying the demands from our wholesale and retail trades; in short, using and placing it in every possible manner consistent; and we take pleasure in stating that we believe it to be the best article we expect ever offered to find its superior, as that which you furnish as answers every want, whether for strength, smoothness, or uniformity.
Yours, very respectfully, E. I. CLARK, Sec'y.

Office of the Florence Sewing Machine Company,
FLORENCE, MASS., January 18th, 1870.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Florence and other Sewing Machines.
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.

Office of TRACY & BILL, Importers and Manufacturers of Machine Folded Steam Pressed Skirt Fronts, 326 Broadway,
New York, September 16th, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., *Agents Willimantic Linen Co.*—GENTS:—We have given your Six Cord Sewing Machine Thread a thorough trial on our STEAM POWER SEWING MACHINES, (the severest test a Thread can be put to), and it runs to our entire satisfaction. In our estimation, it possesses all the qualities of a perfect Six Cord Thread. Respectfully yours, TRACY & BILL.

GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., 101 Chambers St,
SOLE AGENTS IN NEW YORK.

THE DYING BODY

SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE!

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A small atom of poison matter is sufficient to charge the system of the most robust, and weighty body against Small-Pox. This potent power is secured through the blood. In every drop of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT there are concentrated the nourishing, strengthening, and purifying properties that will secure to every human being pure, rich, strong, and healthy blood.

Who blood can be charged with vaccine matter in atomic proportions, that reproduces on the part of the body inoculated a poison of such virulence that an atom will charge an ordinary body containing 140 pounds of blood, is it not reasonable that a remedial agent like RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, made from the most healing, purifying, strengthening extracts from the vegetable kingdom of known medicinal qualities, and combined together by the highest chemical skill, and the medicinal properties of these substances obtained under a process that secures only the active properties of the substances used, should have equally as potent power for cleansing, purifying, enriching, and strengthening the blood?

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it regulates the wastes of the body with new and sound material. The SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT possesses *tissue making* and *flesh-making* elements and supplies the system with any deficiency of *Caloric or heat-making constituents*. No matter how deeply seated or enrarified in the tissues, cartilages, glands, organs, or bones disease and corrupt on may be, the influence of this powerful agent on the blood and other fluids that supply the living body with repairs will so charge the system with such constituents as to *resolve* and exterminate the *dead* and *decomposing matter*, and supply its place with *sound and living structure*, nourished by rich, pure, and strong blood.

By the chemical action by which the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT has on the substances taken into the stomach during its process of digestion into Chyme and Chyle, before it is made blood, as well as the nourishing constituents it converts into blood, and its specific action when entering the circulation, it exterminates every atom of virus from the blood, and *resolves away all deposits of disease*, whether caused by the action of some specific poison or virulent disease, or Mercury, Corrosive Sublimate, Colomel, that may have accumulated in the bones, tissues, cartilages, or joints, or from some *transmitted family complaint* that may have run through half a dozen generations.

Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional, Skin, and Syphiloid diseases; but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposit, and when there is burning sensation, and pain in the Small of the Back along the Loins.

In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, aided by the applications of Radway's Ready Relief to the Spine and Small of the Back, and the Bowels regulated with one or two of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS per day, will soon make a complete cure, and in a few days the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural color.

Price: one dollar per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Sold by Druggists.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter-stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.
Sold by Druggists.

Composite IRON WORKS Co.

INA HITCHINGSON, Prest. ISAAC CHASE, Vice-Prest.
(FORMERLY CHASE & CO.)
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF

Patent Composite Iron Work,

GATES, RAILINGS, GUARDS, BRESTRADS, Etc.,
IMPROVED WIRE WORK
FOR BANK COUNTER AND OFFICE RAILINGS, LAWN, COTTAGE, AND FARM FENCES.
Also VASES, FOUNTAINS, STATUARY, STABLE-FITTINGS, Etc.
109 MERCER ST., near PRINCE ST., NEW YORK.

NEW JERSEY

7 PER CENT. TOWN BONDS.

AUTHORIZED BY ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE, and the issue restricted to one tenth the assessed valuation of the real estate of the following towns:
NEW PROVIDENCE, Union County.
BEDMINSTER, Somerset County.
BERNARD, Somerset County.
in $100s, $500s, and $1,000s,
AND HAVING FROM 15 TO 20 YEARS TO RUN at 85 and Interest.
INTEREST PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY, January and July,
AT THE
AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANK, NEW YORK,
FREE OF TAX.
For full particulars apply to
Parker & Lawrence,
Bankers, No. 1 Wall Street.

Chicago, Cincinnati AND LOUISVILLE RAILROAD

7 PER CENT.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
FOR SALE BY
CALDWELL & CO.,
No. 27 Wall St.;
J. A. UNDERWOOD & SON,
No. 18 Exchange Place.

WE DESIRE TO RECOMMEND

to our customers the First Mortgage Bonds of the Central Railroad of Iowa, as a thoroughly safe as well as profitable investment. Pamphlets, with full information, furnished on application. JAY COOKE & CO., corner Wall and Nassau streets, N. Y.

CHILDREN TEETHING

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

Relief and Health to Your Infants.

We have put up and sold this article nearly thirty years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH OF IT what we have never been able to say of any other medicine: NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, AND PEDGE OUR REPUTATION FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF WHAT WE HERE DECLARE. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the *syrup* is administered.

Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. Be sure to call for

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"

having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.
Sold by Druggists throughout the world.

A CHOICE SECURITY.

Eight per cent. Gold.

THE BALANCE OF THE

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

OF THE ISSUE OF

$1,500,000,

BY THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY Railroad Company.

In denominations of $1,000 and $500, coupon or registered, with Interest at Eight per cent. per annum, payable 15th February and August, in GOLD, free of United States Taxes, in New York or Europe. The Bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York, in GOLD. Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York. The mortgage which secures these Bonds is at the rate of $13,500 per mile; covers a completed road for every Bond issued, and is a first and ONLY mortgage. This line, connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney, will make a short and through route to California.

The Company have a Capital Stock of.....$10,000,000
And a grant of Land from Congress of 1,600,000 acres, valued, at the lowest estimate, at..... 8,000,000
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DEVOTION TO DUTY.

BY REV. EDWIN P. PARKER.

GENERAL SHERMAN, in his order announcing the death of Maj.-Gen. Thomas, paid a tender and exalted tribute to the memory of one of the nation's grandest soldiers. Maj.-Gen. Thomas was one of the few Southern men who, when the war broke out, were not troubled to know their duty. His judgment was undisturbed by any sophistries. His eye was single and his whole body full of light. No man's behavior was ever more admirable. He stood quietly in his place, hurling his thunderbolts of battle, as if he were doing the most ordinary sort of work. He received orders and honors with equal calmness. He had the very rare gift of vigorously minding his own business. That quality in him which Gen. Sherman especially holds up for the admiration and example of the young is "his complete and entire devotion to duty." Even when duty was absolute banishment, he cheerfully accepted it.

There is this good thing about a military discipline. It trains men to a respect of authority, to submission and obedience and patience. It works the grand idea of service into them.

> "Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs not to make reply."

The soldier is under orders, and "the service" commands his attention, obedience, and all utmost self-sacrifices. There is something sublime in the readiness with which he forsakes all things that are dear, and, with his life in his hand, goes forth to confront hardship, danger, and death in his devotion to his duty. His reward is nothing adequate, if we think of pay, promotion, or reputation as rewards. His great reward is the proud consciousness of being thoroughly brave, ready, and faithful.

Just this training and discipline make of our soldiers magnificent men in many important respects. I think they are, on the whole, the most faithful, reliable, honest, and competent men the country has in its entire service. There are more scamps and rascals ten times over in the civil service than in the military service. Let me now suggest that this same principle of entire devotion to duty, if universally acted upon in all the relations of life, would people the world with a race of heroic men. The great defect and sin of men is that they arbitrarily limit the real great sphere of duty. Here is a business agent or superintendent who, in the sphere of his business activity and responsibility, is faithful and honest and devoted. Great honor is due him. But is he not, as a man, somewhat more than somebody's business agent? Can he bound and describe his devotion to duty by the limitations of his business relations? As a man who stands in the broad field of human life, and is related in many ways to society, and is bound by manifold higher obligations, his duties, in the complete sense of them, are by no means performed when he has faithfully fulfilled the limited duties of some particular stewardship. Even a bad man may be a good soldier. The man is broader and greater every way than his particular calling, or profession, or business.

Now, the great truth is that we, as men, stand related not only to one another in society, but to God also. He is our Father, and we, as his children, are under his paternal authority. He is our King, and we are the subjects of his law and government. Indeed, the very idea of duty, when traced back to its root, brings us face to face with God, in whom is the fountain of all authority and the ground of all obligation.

Out of these higher spiritual relations, which constitute our real dignity and glory, there spring up, of course, a class of higher duties than those which pertain merely to the things and persons of this world. There is, then, an all-embracing service of God to which we as men are called, from which we cannot excuse ourselves without dishonor and condemnation, and in which it is our duty to manifest a devotion to duty like that the soldier exhibits in his partial service.

I claim, therefore, that just that sound principle of entire devotion to duty which makes good business men and good professional men in all the departments of human labor and service deserves to be honestly acted upon in that infinitely enlarged and exalted sphere of duty which is opened up by the recognition of our relations with God. This alone can lift human life up into heavenly liberty and order and harmony. I plead, then, for a proper extension of the sphere of duty, for a juster conception of the breadth of human relations, for a true appreciation of the nature of our obligations, for the *universal* application of the grand principle of devotion to duty! This view of religion—as not something distinguishable from the ordinary life, as not some separate service to be performed in distinctively religious ceremonies and rites; but as the sum of all human duties, and a spirit that embraces and permeates and hallows the whole ordinary life—is the true one. True religion does not interfere with the honest pursuit of legitimate worldly callings. It makes the soldier a better soldier, the man of business a better business man. It simply operates to regulate and moderate the whole worldly life according to the great comprehensive law of all duties.

The great shortcoming and sin of men consists in the fact that, with all their noble devotion to duty in certain limited departments and courses of life, they do not acknowledge their practical relations to God, nor the higher duties that are grounded in those relations. And so we see many people resting easy and content in the mere cultivation of a righteousness that does not take God into account, and that can suffice only on the supposition that we have nothing to do with God and are related to one another only. But this righteousness—which resembles Christ and Paul's righteousness very much as a skillful wax imitation of flowers resembles genuine flowers—is either very superficial and partial, or else Christ and Paul and the whole glorious company of apostles and martyrs and bright Christian examples were the victims of a strange and quite superfluous enthusiasm. The great sin of men, I repeat, rests itself in godless living—in living as though this present world, and the things and persons in it, were all, and the only duties were such as grow out of worldly and social associations. This it is which depresses and degrades human life, in the individual and in the collective sum of it. It is only as men get a sure hold on God, and discover and honor their high relations with God and with the eternal and holy things and powers of a world to come, that they begin to be exalted, and ennobled, and crowned with dignities and hopes that make them kings. And it is by bringing just this great thing to pass that Christ makes men "kings and priests unto God."

I point, then, to the great fact of man's essential relationship with God. By that fact his sphere of duty is infinitely enlarged and exalted. If devotion to duty is the principle which alone carries a man proudly through his worldly departments of service, and makes him truly honorable and successful in this life, the same principle, acted upon in the higher relations of life and in the larger sphere of duty, can alone make life in its entire round and complete cycle successful and acceptable. Here is the first and great commandment that bears on all men with equal force, requiring a hearty and dominant love of God. Here is the great duty of fearing God and keeping his commandments.

Shall we ignore all our sacred and ennobling relations with God, and narrow down the sphere of duty to the boundaries of our worldly relations; or shall we acknowledge God's authority, accept his service, and devote ourselves with enthusiasm to the discharge of its duties? On the decision of this question failure or success in life turns. And if, finally, it shall appear that we are in dishonor before God, through neglect of our duties to him, not all the eulogies and honors of the world can compensate or console us.

AGRICULTURAL ORATORS.

BY JOEL BENTON.

ONE of the traditional duties of agricultural societies about this time is the selection of an orator for the coming fair. It might be, one would think, a happy provision. In truth, the event which this selection seeks to accomplish ought to have intrinsic importance. It should be an hour's oasis in the crush and jam of crowds and implements—a breathing-spell from the plowing and multitudinous trotting and other vigorous exercise accompanying this autumn festival. Why is it not?

Judging from more or less observation, I think the reason need not elude us. It comes from the fact that there is little or no conscience used in this choosing. The officers spend days in arranging for the schedule of premiums; in doing up the "horse" part, which they spread like a very thick plaster over the whole four days' programme; and in all that concerns the material work of the show. Possibly, too, their taste for or familiarity in the requirements of the speech devised is not always a safe leading. For the "horse," indeed, there is nothing left undone which has reference to eliciting his speed, and nothing done usually which refers in the remotest degree to his other traits. The samples convened are, therefore, what we should expect—of the Italian greyhound pattern; just the ones a farmer can make no possible use of for farm-work, and of such form as an artist would rarely wish to copy for ideal worth.

But it is well to do these things, I make no doubt; and even the horse should have his proper place. But why need the orator be shoved so far in the background? It is said by some that nobody wants to hear a speech at an agricultural fair. There is so much to see and to distract the mind, you cannot attend to it. But there always *is* an audience; and it has pained me sometimes to see the crowd which convenes around the speaker's stand, without seats or comfortable standing-place even, eager to catch the wordy harangue which some new-fledged lawyer —taking that day his first view, perhaps, of farms and farmers—is trying with perspiring brow to articulate to a straggling, unformed crowd. The fact that so many hundreds so situated *will* stand and listen to such speaking as sometimes has the floor is proof positive to me that a good address, well provided for, would be a welcome part of the fall entertainment—and, in fact, its suitable conclusion.

There are two classes of persons which commonly supply the fair orator, and two reasons govern their choice; though, like Mark Twain as agricultural editor, they are very often taken for what they don't know. We have for the first the governor, or senator, or noted politician. If he can be got, it is thought the people will come from all quarters to see him; and a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars is readily paid for his presence. He may or may not know something about agriculture; but the expectation that he will draw a crowd is relied upon to settle the bill and atone for other deficiencies.

The second class comprises the numerous unknown aspirants. If the first kind is sought *because it pays*, the second is accepted simply because the speaker comes *without pay*. He is taken from the twenty to fifty (which is about the number, I should say, in each county) who regard the place as amply remunerative by its gift of publicity. By the political seeker, especially, it is coveted for the prominence it bestows. To have his name flare from the colored bills for weeks before the occasion, and posted in every public place in all the towns; and, when the day arrives, to be seen and heard by the assembled hundreds, is to him the sweet foreboding of fame. It enables him, at the least, to be talked about; and will render his name pleasantly familiar at the coming convention, from which he is soon to ask a small office.

What his likelihood is of edifying an intelligent audience we will ask Carlyle. "Probably there is not," says our grim humorist, "a more distracted phantasm than your common-place eloquent speaker, as he is found on platforms, in parliament, on Kentucky stumps, at tavern dinners, in windy, empty, insincere times like ours The 'excellent stump-orator,' as our admiring Yankee friends define him—he who in any occurrent set of circumstances can start forth, mount upon his 'stump,' his rostrum, tribune, floor in parliament, or other ready elevation, and pour forth from his appropriate 'excellent speech' his interpretation of the said circumstances, in such manner as poor windy mortals around him shall cry bravo to—he is not an artist I can much admire, as matters go!" Neither do the farmers admire him. The artist, or orator, who goes before *them* must bring the results of knowledge and thought, or their infallible eyes and ears will detect the sham. The finest work is sometimes flawy in the light of their strong common sense. A painter once sketched a group of pigs drinking from a trough. "Ah," says the swine-feeder, "who ever saw six pigs eating, and not one foot in the trough!" The painter was wise enough to learn wisdom, and corrected the blunder.

But to return. Our fair officers not only choose the speaker in a careless, perfunctory way, but the minor arrangements for his comfort and the ease of the audience are rarely ever much looked to. In some half-dozen personal experiences I recollect no time when the staging and seats were what they should be, the provision for these being mostly an afterthought. If you speak out-of-doors, as is oftenest the case, you want the wind to your back and the sun in some way curtained out of your eyes. It is absolutely necessary, too, that the people who wish to hear should be arranged in a solid, shapely group. The clicking of machinery, and the volubile expectations of those having it in charge, no speaker of ordinary lungs can talk down. Is there any good reason why he should be forced to make the attempt? Once, when visiting a neighboring state to attend a fair, I found that the horses, which had been on an almost constant trot for three days, were to keep up their trials during the hour allotted to me, and would come within two or three rods of the tent under which I was to speak.

I ventured to say to the chairman that "for the sake of the horses" he might do well to command an hour's rest; adding that I was quite too slow a coach to enter in competition with them. The hint was taken, and two or three ropes were suspended crosswise to the track. But I shall always think the sweltering, surprised crowd that rushed in before the stage were not then, all of them, quite so curious to hear as to see what on earth there could be of sufficient worth to postpone a horse-trot.

To conclude, my cardinal rules concerning the fair orator are these:

First. Do not engage a speaker unless you have good reason to believe he has something to say and knows how to say it.

Second. When you find him, and the appointed hour arrives, give him a good platform, protected from the wind and sun, and an audience formed in front of him, and not straggling at all points of the compass.

Third. Enjoin a suitable quietness within his hearing.

Fourth. Do not suppose he can lose two or three days' time, pay traveling expenses, and perform the hardest kind of service, for a mere pittance.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN!

BY REV. WM. DE LOSS LOVE.

BUNYAN'S "Talkative" was amusingly defeated on the question, How doth the saving grace of God discover itself when it is in the heart of man? His first answer, That it causeth a great outcry against sin, was defective; for, as Faithful showed, grace inclineth the soul to *abhor* its sin, and there is a great difference between crying out and abhorring. His second answer, That grace showeth itself by great knowledge of Gospel mysteries, was no more satisfactory; for Faithful reminded him of the great Teacher's words: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." There are Talkatives still, who say and do not; and it is only with some self-scrutiny that one may allow himself to speak on the subject, and his hesitation is the rather increased by the fact that there are those who "minister questions rather than godly edifying, which is in faith." Nevertheless, the question put by Faithful is put still, How doth grace discover itself? A few preliminary inquiries put and answered may simplify the reply:

First, Is the nature of saving grace, or the discovery of it, obscured by the fact that there are many denominations of professing Christians? In general, not all; for nearly all the denominations hold essentially to the same thing as the substance of religion. When we come to the question between penitence and penance, between praying to God and to saints, between regeneration by the Spirit and by baptism, between eating the body of Christ as professedly manufactured through priests' hands and eating it spiritually—there may be questionings with some, but how can there be rational doubt with any who sincerely ask the way of salvation? Earnestness solves the difficulties. Why shall one profess to be stumbled by the fact that there are so many denominations, when all the evangelical ones claim to be perfectly agreed as to the terms of salvation, and are so agreed? But,

Secondly, Must one accept of a certain creed to be saved? The answer to this must depend on what is meant by the question. Many ask it without defining to themselves even what they do mean. Of course, the great subject of religion is susceptible of many specific minor inquiries, on which the most devout believers may differ. But there are other points where they do not, cannot disagree. They cannot disagree as to whether there is one Saviour or two, one way of salvation or six. They cannot disagree in the matter of worshiping the true God or idols, nor whether we must worship any God at all to be saved. They *must*, then, have the same creed to some extent.

Thirdly, May the tests of true piety ever differ with men? In some great underlying principles they cannot. There must be with all, and always, repentance toward God for sin. Any allowed habitual sin is inconsistent with godliness. But that which is sin to one man may not be to another. Some practices highly injurious or fatal to the good health of some are innocuous to others. Men are accountable according to their light, and the degrees of light vary infinitely. Men generally cannot be Christians now with the same drinking habits that freely prevailed among Christians a century since. Drinking now is very different from what it was before distillation was known. Slight use of intoxicating beverages now is far more ensnaring and perilous; for it leads to the more intoxicating, more poisonous. The patriarch Jacob could be saved in his day, notwithstanding he had two wives; but he could not be now, with the full light of the most Gospel lands—not that there would be so much difference in the man that was saved, or in his salvation, but in his light.

Some men involved in slavery before the late war may have been in a salvable state who would not be now if persisting in the same relations. The decisions of the war have thrown a flood of light over the land, and changed men's circumstances and obligations. Not that a selfish slaveholder, or one who held and trafficked in slaves for personal profit merely, could be a Christian at all; but on that subject and others many Christians even are dull to see the truth and irresolute to reform according to their light. God must be their Judge. That the anti-slavery reform was accomplished against Christianity, or against all churches, is not true. Many professing Christians and ministers, were the first to see the evils of slavery and to expose them. They also persistently continued their testimony and aggressive action until the iniquity was overthrown.

Fourthly, May Christians fall into sin and backsliding, and be Christians fallen? They may; but they cannot be saved without repentance and return. When we see evils among Christians, we are not to put it down against Christianity, nor as positively conclusive against their possession of the Christian character. They know they do wrong. They repent in sackcloth and ashes. It is their Christianity that reforms and saves them. Long may be the full process; but it avails if they are Christians. But,

Fifthly, What is a Christian? We may safely answer: He is not one who rejects Christ or the actual revealed essentials of his character and being, whatever they may be. A Christian character must be constructed on the Gospel basis. The claim to it must be established in unison with the doctrines of Christ, or it fails. A Christian will have a correct creed in respect to essential doctrines. He will reckon himself a sinner, lost without Christ; for Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost, and on that mission he died for all. A Christian will believe in the necessity of being born again of the Spirit, for Christ plainly declared the necessity. He will believe in the propitiation made by Christ in being lifted up on the tree a sacrifice for sinners, for such is clearly the teaching of Scripture. And the Scriptures he will believe, for they are trustworthy; else we do not know who Christ was, or what it is to be a Christian. He will love Christ and keep his commandments, and will love those for whom he died, and will remember him as his Advocate with the Father. He will seek to purify himself not in the routine and spirit of mere morality, but as Christ is pure; and he will seek to be led by the Spirit of God, for such only are sons of God. He will aim to fellowship all who have saving faith in Christ, for he will love the brethren. He and his ways and motives will suffer some misapprehension from the world, for the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit. Without these and other such characteristics it is useless to claim to be a Christian. Far better acknowledge our lack and exalt the true standard. Of the rules and essentials of Christianity we may speak confidently; but of any man's possession or destitution of the Christian character only carefully. We can test the rules in the abstract better than in the concrete. Hence, men will have doctrine. Men are the judges of doctrines; God is the Judge of men.

RECREATION FOR CLERGYMEN.

BY REV. H. N. POWERS, D.D.

A MAN, to do the most work effectually, needs to keep his whole system in the best possible condition. Clergymen are human, and what is good or harmful to others is so to them. No man can break a law of his nature with impunity.

Our live clergymen, like our enterprising business men, are apt to overtask themselves by injudicious or protracted effort. Of course, they are seeking to accomplish noble ends; but the result is their own case often is wretched exhaustion, or an impaired constitution, perhaps permanent disability. Hence the long vacations in summer time which have grown to be the fashion, so that almost all ministers nowadays expect to enjoy them.

No doubt a majority of them need this respite from the laborious and exacting routine of the parish. But why not try another method, if the greatest usefulness is sought? My plan is this: Take a day or more often throughout the year, as you require a change, distributing your four or six weeks, instead of using them all together. A person with a broken-down constitution, of course, needs a long respite from toil; but, ordinarily, it is no more sensible to try to get rest and recreation for a whole year at one time than to sleep enough at one time for a week. Long absences from one's parish ought to be avoided. They can be, and the minister still have all the diversion and change that are necessary, if he will but properly watch himself and seize his opportunities. In the winter, if a city pastor, he has the benefit of concerts, lectures, skating-rinks, picture-galleries, etc., where he can find all the recreation that he needs and still be within call. In the country, the winter affords the minister certain kinds of hunting, fishing through the ice, skating, sleigh-rides, sociables, singing-schools, and pleasant family visits. Even if he should be a good deal confined during the cold months, with ordinary prudence, he will not suffer much from it.

As for the rest of the year, most clergymen are situated so as to be able to take a day or two frequently for out-door diversion and exercise. There is hardly a locality in the country which will not furnish convenient facilities for the innocent activities that conduce to health. Some will find attention to a garden—the cultivation of fruits and vegetables and flowers—a source of enjoyment and physical benefit. Then, too, boating, horse-back-riding, fishing, shooting, the study of natural history—any refreshing and healthful effort that takes one out of doors—ought to be cultivated. You find yourself somewhat overworked, the nervous system and the digestive organs are getting out of tune; you are heavy-headed, or sleepless, or losing your appetite. The best medicine is a sail on the river, a plunge into the woods, a mountain ramble, the open sky. If a resident of a city, a few hours will take you to the country solitude—to some beautiful pond, or secluded stream, or odorous forest, or flowery prairie, or bird-haunted marsh. With your rod, or gun, or hammer, or pocket microscope, (according to the season or your mood), leave behind you for a day or two your studies and cares. If it is spring, the snipe, pigeons, and wild duck will give scope for your activity and skill. With the summer you have woodcock; and, later in the season, grouse, quail, plover, snipe, rabbits, squirrels, duck, and geese, according to your locality. Nearly all the year through you have fishing. I do not recommend it in the winter, though it is then a manly sport. Still, from April 1st to November, there is scarcely a region in the land where one may not have some useful and pleasant recreation with the rod and line. Where there are no trout-streams, there are usually ponds, peopled with perch and pickerel and bass. Our Atlantic cities are close to elegant sea-fishing. From New York, in a few hours a man is anchored where he can make a successful cast for delicious fish. Then, how many ministers are within proximity to our great cities, our majestic rivers, our wild mountain ranges, where the trout leap and flash in the crystal pools. Each one must adapt his species of recreation to his taste and opportunities. Botany, geology, ichthyology, many departments of natural science, invite him; and in their pursuit he gets health, pleasure, knowledge, sometimes cash. Agassiz paid a clerical friend of mine nearly $2,000 for the specimens he had gathered in a few seasons, in his health-restoring rambles.

I have been situated for the last ten years where my best recreation was found in the fields, in company with genial friends and dogs that love the chase. A day now and then in April and May on the marshes of Rock River and Rockingham for snipe; a few afternoons in July for woodcock on the banks and islands of the Mississippi; two nights in camp in August on the beautiful Wapsie, shooting on the flowery prairie, morning and evening, the big pinnated grouse; an excursion by buggy or rail once in a while in Autumn for quail and plover and snipe and prairie chickens, taking me into lovely haunts and the glorious sunshine—this is better for me than any long summer vacation. For see the advantage. I am but a little time and distance from home. I keep watch of my cure, do more work than I could without the change, feel that I am neglecting no duty, and get and keep the health requisite for useful service. Then, too, the expense is slight, and I have my game in prime order for the enjoyment of my family, which is a great matter.

I am cordially in favor of affording the clergy all necessary relaxation; but I believe they would enjoy better health and be more useful by these brief intervals of recreation than by consuming a long summer vacation, far away from their parishes, as so many of them do. We are to cultivate our spiritual and physical health, that we may perform a nobler service for the Master. If one gets this, daintily gloved and prim with starch and fashion, tolling in the shades of Saratoga, or idling on the piazzas of Newport and Long Branch, of course, he should be thankful. It is his own business. But commend me to the minister who can thread gleefully the tangled woods and spongy swamps, who can make his bed serenely where the night catches him, who is at home in a boat or a bough-house, who can pick his two birds on the wing from the covey and cook them to a turn at the camp-fire, who can teach the countryman woodcraft on his own ground, and who comes back from his tramp with mightier inspiration for the pulpit and a tenderer heart and a sweeter ministry for the tempted and suffering ones of the flock that he loves and leads.

Book Table.

THE GRAMMAR OF ASSENT.*

DR. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN'S treatise is by far the ablest assault upon rationalism from Protestant or Catholic pen that we have read for many a day—yes, that we have ever read. Stop! Let us define what we mean by rationalism. We employ that word in the Roman Catholic, not the Protestant sense. To make the reason the sole sufficient interpreter and arbiter of truth—this is the Protestant conception of rationalism. To use it at all in interpreting and arbitrating concerning truth is to the Roman Catholic equally objectionable. Dr. Newman states this objection calmly and argues it philosophically. His volume is not, on the face of it, controversial—scarcely theological. Except for the betraying imprint of the Catholic Publication Society, you would hardly guess you had fallen into a Romanist's hands. He leads you on so gently and so graciously that you arrive at his conclusion before you suspect his deep design. It is hard to condense into a single paragraph the substance of such a book without doing its author an injustice. Yet we shall make the attempt.

There are, says Dr. Newman, in substance, two entirely different methods of arriving at the truth. One is by the reason. Arguments *pro* and *con* are weighed and balanced against each other. The reason, by a patient comparing, comes to its conclusion. The process is slow, laborious, painful; the result is uncertain. It affords a *conviction* of the truth. But it is not thus that most men reach their conclusions. There is another, shorter, simpler, better method. Certain minds perceive certain truths upon the bare presentation of them. They are not convinced; they *assent*. The truth seems to them right. It fits their wants. They seize and use it. A child is not convinced by the testimony of his mother. He does not consider the probabilities for or against her truthfulness, and come to a conclusion. He asks. She answers; he assents. All is settled by her word. It is thus especially in the realm of religious truth. It does not rest upon reason. St. Paul made a mistake when he called it a reasonable service. Isaiah misinterpreted the divine will when he represented God as saying, "Come, let us reason together." The truth is to be seen, known, assented to. It is true that all minds are not so constituted that they can or, at least, do assent to the truth. So there are natures incapable of appreciating art, or music, or mathematics. The mind must be adapted to the truth. Then it receives the truth. This is election. They are the elect of God whose moral nature is such that it is capable of perceiving the truth. Those that are incapable are blind. Their eyes are to be opened. They are not to be convinced; they are to be spiritually enlightened. They are to be morally healed.

We are conscious that we have but imperfectly indicated Dr. Newman's central thought; yet we may have gone far enough in suggesting it to provoke our readers to get his treatise and read it for themselves. We began by saying that the book was a powerful attack against rationalism—*i. e.*, against relying upon reason in the ascertainment of religious truth. But it is more than that. It is a profound contribution to religious thought. The philosophy has a large measure of truth in it. It is a truth worth Protestant study.

It is worth study, too, for another purpose. It is certainly true that theological opinions do not rest upon reason. Men are neither argued into them nor out of them. Proof that the doctrine of transubstantiation is irrational as little tends to shake the Romanist's faith in the host as proof that the doctrine of the Trinity transcends all reason does to shake the faith of the orthodox Protestant. Neither rests in reason. Nor yet do they rest merely in prejudice and prescription. It is the mass itself, and not the argument of the priest, which convinces the Romanist. It is his own real experience of Christ's saving blood and the Holy Spirit's personal presence which makes the orthodox Protestant cling to his orthodox faith. The decree of the Ecumenical Council is to be answered not by arguments, but by such a course of education that the Romanist will look to a higher authority than a conference of wrangling prelates for the ground of his assent. The negations of a cold and cheerless deism are to be set aside not by "evidences of Christianity," but by the awakening and development of such experiences as shall imperatively demand a Divine Father to watch over the soul, a dying Redeemer to ransom it, and a Holy Spirit to counsel and to guide it. We cordially commend Dr. Newman's treatise as worthy the study of all theologians, and his spirit as well worthy of their imitation.

—We should have as soon expected a novel from Dr. McCosh or President Woolsey as from Baring-Gould, whose literary work in the past has all been in the direction of curious antiquarian research, and whom we supposed to be the last man guilty of indulging in imagination and romance. But here is a novel (and not only that, but a novel of the French Revolution) by the author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" and "Origin and Development of Religious Beliefs." *In Exitu Israel!* We have read the story all through, more conscientiously than we do most of our novel reading; and as yet we are unable to fathom the meaning of the mysterious title, or guess its connection with the romance of which it is the name. We should certainly not have guessed either that the author had any particular object in his story; he did well to advise us of the fact in his preface. Certainly it does not—except perhaps in an occasional heavy explanation, which may be skipped to great advantage—afford any remarkable illustration of the state-and-church question in France in 1789, or throw any light upon the same question in England in 1870. However, when we have got over the title-page and the preface, we find a really very readable story. The plot is not involved. The incidents are, of course, dramatic, and they are dramatically told. Some of the characters are strongly marked. Thomas Lindet is a very good portrait of one of the better class of French curates. Gabrielle is pretty enough to be pleasant, and Madame Berthier is ugly enough to be striking. There is a good deal of power in the description of the mob that destroyed the Bastille, and yet more in the portraiture of Berthier's flight and capture. Miss Mühlbach's novels depict the French Revolution from the court side. We are glad to have one that tells the story from the popular side. On the whole, Mr. Baring-Gould surprises us by the success he has achieved. We commend him to baptize his next bantling with a more intelligible title. The book is published by Maemillan & Co.

— A book may be so viciously poor that its very poorness makes it passably good. How else could it come to pass that the Harpers should think it worth while to reprint, even in yellow paper, *The Genial Showman*, by Edward Hingston. This is poor, humorous, dissipated Artemus Ward Boswellized by his agent—a thorough Cockney, who illustrates by his quotations in foreign languages the old Spanish maxim, "A fool is never a very great fool unless he knows Latin." Mr. Hingston's associations are strangely low, and upon almost every page he describes the excellence of the cock-tails that he drank on a certain occasion, or puffs unmercifully some landlord or local editor, to whom he appears to have been indebted for a good dinner or a good "notice." But, after all, the book is more amusing to us for its very simplicity and stiffness. It is so funny to find our author so simple, telling of things in America as innocently as a child would. In fact, indignant as we were at first at a house of reputation for issuing such a book, we have become more and more reconciled to it. *The Genial Showman* is the most curious piece of literary hodge-podge that we have ever met.

—We cannot, perhaps, give *The New Timothy* a place in the very first rank of artistic novels. It has not a perfect plot. Its characters are such as we have met a thousand times in the Southwest. But just for that very reason—because it is so true, because it is so perfect a picture of one phase of our American life—we like it. The croakers who think we have no American literature ought to be satisfied with this novel. Pretty Miss Louisiana Mills, fat, rich, lazy, and indifferent to everything but eating and dressing, a thoroughly luxurious human animal, offered for sale like a Circassian girl; and Mrs. General Likens, the rich, gossipy Christian, who loved her money and her verses, and estimated the worth of her friends by their hours of rising in the morning; and Mr. Merkes, the Protestant ascetic, who kept himself in a course of mental self-flaggelation; and genial Mr. Wall, Senior, the minister, who was a burst of sunlight everywhere—we have met them all, and here are portraits drawn conscientiously, minutely, skillfully. Such people and such scenes live only in America, and in the Southwest. It is, too, a really able piece of religious portraiture and analysis from an orthodox standpoint. (Harper & Brothers.)

—The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sends us its Fourth Annual Report. It is not one of the widest charities; it does not perhaps accomplish its ends by the broadest means. But it is a very true charity, a charity greatly needed. By means of prosecutions for cruelty it holds a rod perpetually over the brutal owner and driver. And, so far as it goes, it is a wise charity. But no very effective work of this kind will ever be done except by education. And as for the work accomplished by legislation, more could be done by a reform in pavements than by prosecutions. And yet we are glad to let prosecutions go on, and to know that there are men who will not let a horse be overloaded or a calf starved without doing their best to assert the rights of the dumb brute to humane treatment.

—*The National Sunday School Teacher* (Chicago) has a portrait and sketch of Paxson, and an earnest editorial on "Shall we give up the Citadel?" By citadel the editor means the teachers' meeting. This monthly, as it draws toward the close of its fifth year, reports a still increasing circulation. *The Sunday School Journal* gives its longest editorial to discussing the comparative failure of the average Sunday school. The *Baptist Teacher* has its usual variety of original and selected articles.

—The *Congregational Quarterly* for July is too late to deserve mention. As an act of grace, however, we mention that it is as thoroughly historical as ever, valuable almost solely for its permanent records of the statistics of the denomination and for its papers on the times of the Mathers. The book notices are very good, and the editor's table contains a disproportionately long and apparently authoritative defense of Dr. Keatinge.

—*The Sunday School Scholar* is a small monthly, started to meet a felt want for a higher literature in Sunday schools. It has attained a fine success. Prof. S. H. Peabody, an excellent writer for the young, has succeeded Edward Eggleston in the editorship, and bids fair to make it yet more successful.

—Of Fields, Osgood & Co.'s beautifully illustrated Household Edition of Dickens we have five volumes—*Dombey & Son*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *and Bleak House*. Neatly bound in cloth, this will doubtless be the standard edition of the works of the great novelist.

—*The Life of Charles Dickens*, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson), is rather the most bulky of the "made" books that the death of Dickens has occasioned. The value of such a book is greatly diminished by its diffuseness.

—From Kelly, Piet & Co. we have Fasciculus LVIII of the *Acta* of the Holy See. It is of value as containing an official list of all the dignitaries connected with the Vatican Council. There is also the Pope's letter of rebuke to the rebellious Arminian Catholics.

—*Tekel; or, Cora Glencoe*, is a novel which from its somewhat inflated style we judge to have been written at the South—or, at least, intended for the Southern market. (Phila.: Lippincott.)

—President J. H. Fairchild has said as well as any one what can be said against "Women's Right to the Ballot," which is reprinted in pamphlet form from the *Advance*.

—*Cæsar*, by Anthony Trollope, is another volume of the series of the "Ancient Classics for English Readers." (Philadelphia: Lippincott.)

—Dr. T. R. Post's address before the Illinois Constitutional Convention on *History as a Teacher of Social and Political Science* is a philosophical and masterly production.

—*True to Herself* is by F. W. Robinson, and issued in the approved paper-covered novel style by Harper.

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[The following Advertisement appeared in The New York Tribune, April 12.]

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Farm and Garden.

THE BALLAD OF KING CORN.

BY G. H. BARNES.

I PASSED by a field where the royal Corn
His hundred emerald flags unfurled,
Aglow with the glancing beams of morn,
With the crystal drops of dew impearled,
And waved them out to the free wind's play,
And tossed his feathery plumelets high;
And I heard the monarch proudly say,
In a strain of rustic melody:

"Lo! I am king of the fruitful farm!
I'm rightful lord of the cereal band!
I sway the scepter of my strong arm
In majesty over the fallowed land!
The farmer's eye is alight with hope
When his shining plowshare turns the mold;
And the glowing gates of promise ope
When he hides in the ground my germ of gold.

"The heart of the husbandman trills a song
When my green blades pierce the mellow ground;
He delights to see me, tall and strong,
In the maize-month, cast my shadows round;
And, watching the August sunbeams fall,
And a matchless sheen to my beauty brinz,
He cries: 'Behold my stately Saul,
My Corn, over all his brethren king!'

"Ay, I was born to rule in the field;
My tassers wave on hillsides and plains;
The world, for my glory and bounteous yield,
Proclaims me by right, 'King of the Grains!'
I make the laborer's fireside glad
With abundant gifts from my full hand;
And the toiling millions, hunger-sad,
Would welcome my reign in every land.

"When the cool and soft September days
Bring a ripeness to my golden cars,
I'll fail my flags in the Autumn haze,
Unglime my helmet, and droop my spears;
Then, as I bow to the reaper's hand,
In the dewy hours of a harvest-morn,
I'll hear the shout of the harvest-band:
'Room for the King! the great King Corn!'"

Aurora, 1870.

AGRICULTURAL EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

AGRICULTURE OF UTAH TERRITORY—GRASSHOPPERS.

The plague of the territory is the grasshoppers. When first settled, the country was free from them, and for years remained so. Then they appeared in 1855–6–7, and again disappeared; but within the past four years they have reappeared, and carry terror and desolation everywhere. Eastern agriculturists can form no idea of the loss and havoc they occasion. They lay their eggs the previous year in the soil, and in the next spring they are hatched out. When first appearing, the soil seems actually alive with the little miniature insects, and millions of them in motion as they make the soil to move. The people, in their fright, turn out and endeavor to drive them away. They build locks of water and dams, and drive them in to be drowned; they dig deep holes and bury them; strew hay, straw, and rubbish, and place them together thickly together, and burn them; burn them by hundreds of bushels; and then, with the utmost energy, fully one-half of their crops are taken, while to those who made no effort everything is swept completely away. After they have grown a little, they take wings and fly away. The farmers call this their "jolly time," for now there is a brief respite to the devastation. They rest their land and prepare to replant; yet it is only a brief relief. After the first set of hoppers from the Plains has come and gone, there appears a second brood, hatched from the beach lands, 300 to 500 feet above; and by, too, come down and nip here and there. The farmer again replants; and not only in time to catch the third and fourth broods, coming from up the mountainsides, even to the very top, who swoop down on the whirlwind and eat all that is left. Their migrations are in immense clouds. Then in full wing, they fill the air for one and two miles high, and thick enough to cast a shadow upon the earth. The suddenness of their approach is calculated to throw terror into the firmest heart. Elder Smith relates a instance where, on leaving for church-meeting at 10 o'clock, the garden and grounds were all in good order. But on returning the trees and flowers were overflowing with the hoppers, bending the limbs down to the very ground with their weight, and the foliage completely stripped. Two or three hours are sufficient to clear away every spire of vegetation

Not only attack first the leaf, which is the life of the plant; then the fruit, in many cases, is already well grown, falls off, and the farmer sets out again to form a new set of crops. This plague has now afflicted the people for four consecutive years, and often more than four times a year, from early spring down to the middle of July. The seasons vary, however, so favorable that farmers can replant, and keep replanting, until the 10th of July, and still mature a good crop before frost. One farmer mentions the fact of having planted a good crop in 91 days, and he did not plant until after July 1st. In 1855 the hoppers were so abundant the people did not raise a half crop of any product, and were nearly brought down to the verge of destitution.

Mr. Provo, where Elder Smith has a farm, on the edge of Utah Lake, there was a field of several acres which had been overflowed with water during the previous winter; but the following, the next spring, the eggs of the insects lying there during the entire time were full all hatched out, and the field was actually alive with the insects. So this proves that even water does not materially injure the eggs or kill them.

Some of these hoppers attempt to fly across Salt Lake, but the moist atmosphere and damp, cool clouds kill them, and they fall into the briny bosom. The waves wash them up on shore in windrows 10 and 12 inches high. Northeast winds also are becoming very frequent, and blow them off from the shore over the Wahsatch Mountains, to the north, where they fly across the arid plains 90 or 100 miles per day. A Mormon asks only a strong northwest wind, or prays that when they leave they may cross the lake—they must not stand any moisture. Chickens, geese, and all kinds of poultry eat them with the greatest avidity, and a few chickens will in an hour's time clear astonishing space. When larger grown they can eat them; but can master only 2 or 3 inches when small they would demolish a field.

In the gardens the people dare not even hoe the weeds. They have observed that the weeds are permitted to grow the hoppers will leave the trunks of the trees and prefer upon the leaves of the weeds and eat them completely to the ground. Formerly they cleaned their fields from the weeds, as Mormon men are accustomed to do; but it is a *policy* to permit the weeds to live, as long as it saves the trees and shrubs from the attacks of the hoppers.

Experiments have been tried with silkworms and the mulberry tree; both thrive exceedingly well, and the people are convinced that just the climate, soil, and facilities for a useful branch of industry. The mulberry at home here, grows with the utmost luxury. I saw specimens of trees grown in settlings averaging fully four feet per year, and was told of some specimens growing fifteen feet a year in South Utah; but, when comes the hoppers, and away go the worms.

The quality of the cereals is excellent. As to the crops growing in the fields, we do not consider them exceedingly diminutive. For instance, the corn averages only three to four feet high. I saw only one field where it was 6 feet high, and that was on very rich, mucky land. The wheat straw is but about a half feet high, the oats two and one barley hardly two feet; but the ears are all well filled, and, when ground, yield a fineness and delicacy absolutely astonishing. The bread, rolls, and biscuit served up at the hotels were of a beautiful and golden yellow color and sweet as to their delicate palate could ask.

Land near the city are worth $150 to $300 per acre; but at some distance from the city, northward and southward, lands are worth $1 to $10. The greatest wealth acquired by any kind of farming is in the raising of cattle. Those are fed on the plains in immense herds, and then driven over the mountains both east and west. Large sums of money are realized by capitalists in this occupation, and it is the only form of agriculture entirely reliable and free from plagues of insects. Mr. Jennings, one of the wealthiest of the citizens of the entire territory, has a herd of 800 cattle, from which he realizes an increase of 300 herd per year! Live beef on foot is worth 9 to 10 cents per lb.

The population of the territory is about 150,000, of whom one-half, at least, are foreign born—mostly English, Welsh, Swedes, and Scandinavians. The climate is, in general, quite moderate. Sometimes, however, there are extreme variations—from 103 deg. heat in summer to 19 deg. below zero in winter. The days are generally quite pleasant; nights are dry, but cool winds arise before evening, and no unpleasantness is experienced from warm, sleepless nights. The extensive planting of trees has exerted a material influence upon the weather. The winters are growing more and more mild, the extremes less and less severe, and more rain falls.

Curious sights are often seen when a cloud rapidly forms from the vapors of the lake, rises suddenly toward the summits of the mountains, there condenses against the sides, and pours down in perfect torrents into the canyons and gullies below.

From Salt Lake City toward the southern portion of the territory the climate grows more and more cold, the altitude seeming to overcome the latitude, until we reach St. George, when there is a descent of thirty miles down into a pleasant but extremely warm valley. This is one of the warmest portions of the entire area between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains.

The richest counties of the territory are the one containing Salt Lake City and the two immediately north; in the others frosts are frequent. Lucerne is just becoming a popular article of food for cattle. It is cut green four times a year, is fed to cows, and grows with great luxuriance. It is considered one of the most valuable staples of food ever used. Elder Smith showed his garden, in which was growing a row of apricot trees, planted 8 years since, from seed obtained from the Department of Agriculture at Washington. There appears to be 4 or 5 varieties, all large, of splendid color, and fully twice the size of those we are accustomed to see in the Eastern fruit-orchards. The apple trees, where permitted to remain by the grasshoppers, were abounding in fruit, some of splendid size. We notice that the fruit clings close to the large limbs of the trees, while with us in the Eastern States the fruit appears on the stems at the ends of short limbs or the long branches. Peach orchards are very plenty and crops very abundant. We did not observe any of remarkable size; but the trees were healthy, vigorous, and beautiful in their verdure. As long as irrigation can be depended upon, so long will they succeed in both fruit and vegetable culture.

H. T. W.

ALSIKE CLOVER FOR BEE PASTURAGE.

EARLY in the year of 1868 I purchased a pound of the seed, which I sowed upon a small piece of land (about a quarter of an acre). Though too much seed for the quantity of land, it germinated well, and, like the red clover, only made a good stand. But in the spring of 1869 it came up well, and on the 16th of June it would stand, if creet, twenty to thirty inches high, and was covered with blossoms and bees. Indeed, I have rarely seen bees more numerous on buckwheat blooms than on this clover. I shall sow a lot of buckwheat for fall pasturage; but for May and June I think the Alsike clover furnishes more food than any plant I have ever seen. When not too cool or rainy for them to be out, you will find the patch covered with bees pretty well all day, and at times almost in swarms. They have sent forth a goodly number of swarms, and filled the bodies of the hives well with store honey. The Alsike yields an abundant crop of hay; not so much as the red clover, but the sweets furnished to the bees more than make up any difference. The bloom is like that of the white clover, folding back in such a way as to enable the bees to get into every part of it; while on the red clover, coming up in the same patch, you never see one.—*Southern Planter.*

MEDICINE FOR TREES.

THE *Boston Journal of Chemistry* quotes from a scientific journal, which recommends boring holes in the trunks of trees and inserting calomel to destroy insects, and comments thus:

"This idea of endeavoring to force into the circulation of a tree mineral poisons to destroy injurious insects upon the leaves and branches seems to us very vulgar and absurd. We hope no one of our agricultural friends will engage in experiments of this nature; for by so doing we fear they will greatly endanger their fruit-trees. The sap in vegetable structures corresponds in many of its functions and characteristics with the blood of animal organisms; and it is well understood among physiologists and surgeons that this fluid is exceeding sensitive to the presence of foreign agents. No more sudden or effective way can be devised to destroy life than to eject into the circulation any extraneous agent, solid or fluid. Blood will abstract from food or medicine what it requires healthfully to perform its proper work, and can obtain it from no other source; and so with the sap. It will draw from the soil the constituent particles it needs; and any attempt to force an abnormal substance in an abnormal way can but result in irreparable injury to the structure."

TRANSPORTATION OF EGGS FOR HATCHING.

R. L. MAITLAND, Jr., of New Jersey, writes to the *Country Gentleman* some interesting facts about the hatching of eggs shipped long distances. In 1845 his father imported eggs from Liverpool, England, to which place most of them had been brought by rail. Of these, twelve were eggs of Sebright Bantams; none of this lot hatched. Of twenty-four Black Spanish eggs fourteen hatched, of twelve Gray Dorking eggs two were broken and six hatched, while of thirteen game eggs nine hatched. Mr. Maitland last spring imported another lot of eggs from England. Of twenty-four Buff Cochin eggs eighteen hatched. Dorking eggs did poorly.

Mr. M. thinks eggs very seldom hatch well after being carried by rail, and says he would never ship eggs by express. He prefers oats to anything else for packing eggs for hatching.

BEST WAY TO USE WOOD-ASHES.

A SOUTHERN writer says he has found the most economical application of the unslacked ashes of wood to be in combination with caustic lime slacked, so as to preserve both in a fine dust powder, as follows: Spread the quicklime six or eight inches thick, throw upon the center of the layer of lime one or more buckets of water, and when slacked *then* dump a barrel of ashes thereon; now heap up the quicklime, adding a bucket full of water for every bushel. When cold, preserve it in a sharp heat under cover or in barrels, filling each by a shovelful from the center and sides of the pile alternately, and allowing one bushel of ashes to each barrel of *slacked* lime. For the destruction of *all* fungi, and especially rust in wheat, a top-dressing for clover, grass, or corn, one bushel of lime thus combined is worth any 10 bushels as a manure, and may thus not only economize time, but eke out the usual scanty supply of wood-ashes on the farm and double its efficiency.

SALTING CABBAGE PLANTS.

G. W. T., Rahway, N. J., considers salt necessary to the development of the cabbage, especially in places far from the coast. He finds them more crisp, of better flavor, and to keep better when salt is used than without. He uses it as follows: "A few days after setting out the plants, and when they are damp, either after a rain or when dew is on, I take a small dish of fine salt and walk among the rows, sprinkling a little *pinch* of salt on the center of each plant when the leaves begin to grow. I repeat the salting; and when the center leaves begin to form the head I apply salt again, scattering it over the leaves. After this I look them over occasionally, and, if I find plants that do not head well or appear diseased, I sprinkle the salt over freely; this will save all such plants. A quart of salt is sufficient for 500 plants in a season, although more can be used with safety."—*American Agriculturist.*

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SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD,
FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.
The great railroad on which these securities are based is making good progress. Of the 400 miles embraced in its entire length from the metropolis to the City of Oswego, including the Auburn branch, 159 miles are already completed, fully equipped, and in profitable operation. Work is being vigorously pushed on other portions of the line; and it is the expectation of the Company to have at least 100 miles more in operation before the close of the present season.
The portion of this road now in operation, constituting its northern section, extends from the City of Oswego to Sidney Plains, where it intersects the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. Its local business already large, and the Company has just concluded a contract with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company for transporting the coal of that large and wealthy corporation to the northern section of the state. The will add so largely to the business and profits of that section of the road that the Company feel confident that its net earnings, without the aid of through business, cannot be less than 7 per cent. on its entire cost, which is 10 per cent. in excess of the interest on its bonds; for it must be borne in mind that the issue of these bonds is strictly limited to $20,000 per mile of finished road. They thus possess all the security of the bonds of our oldest and best roads. The road, when completed, will constitute one of the great trunk lines connecting the City of New York with Canada and the West by shorter routes than any now existing; and, as its entire course is through fertile and populous districts, it cannot fail to prove one of the most important and best-paying roads in the Union.
BEHIND THESE BONDS IS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF NEARLY $7,000,000, which affords ample guaranty of the financial strength of the Company.
The popularity of these bonds, as a perfectly safe security, bearing the highest rate of interest authorized by the laws of New York, payable in Gold Coin, free of Government tax, has kept the supply nearly exhausted; but the recent and early future completion of additional sections will for a time furnish a liberal supply, to which we respectfully invite the attention of investors, in the confident belief that no better security can be found on the market.
Price, par and accrued interest in currency. Government and other securities taken in exchange.
GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,
BANKERS,
25 NASSAU STREET.

MILLER'S FALLS CO. manufacture Barbers' Bit Brace. 87 Beekman Street, New York.

INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND WESTERN RAILWAY
7 PER CENT. GOLD LOAN.
The bonds are secured by a First Mortgage on 205 miles of road from Indianapolis, the largest city and most important railroad center in the State of Indiana, to the City of Rokin, in Illinois.
The only direct line from Cincinnati and Indianapolis to Pekin, Peoria, and Omaha, being SIXTY MILES SHORTER THAN ANY OTHER ROUTE.
Over 180 miles of the line are now in full operation, and earning more than the interest on the whole issue of bonds. The iron and all the materials for the balance are on hand and being rapidly laid, which makes the line VIRTUALLY COMPLETED. There are thirty-six depots on the line, located in cities and towns that contain in the aggregate 120,000 inhabitants and within 20 miles of the track there is a population of over 600,000. It runs through the best agricultural, manufacturing, and coal-mining districts in Indiana and Illinois, and forms part of a grand central trunk line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, HAVING MORE NUMEROUS VALUABLE EAST AND WEST CONNECTIONS THAN ANY ROAD IN THE WEST.
The bonds are convertible into stock at par, which adds greatly to their value.
We have carefully examined the country, its resources, and the whole enterprise all through its course of construction, and BELIEVE THE BONDS TO BE AS SAFE AS GOVERNMENTS. It is with pleasure we recommend them to our customers as a first-class investment. Over four-fifths of the loan has been sold. We offer the balance at 95¾ and interest.
All marketable securities received in exchange at market rates. For full particulars apply to
Turner Brothers,
No. 14 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMP'Y
SEVEN PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED MORTGAGE SINKING FUND BONDS.
The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, for the purpose of providing for the payment of its several mortgage debts as they become due, has executed a mortgage to the Union Trust Company of New York, as Trustee, upon the whole of its Railroad and branches, payable on the first day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred.
COUPON BONDS of $1,000 each will be issued, with interest at Seven per centum per annum, payable semi-annually, on the first day of JANUARY and JULY, in each year; and REGISTERED BONDS, without coupons, of $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000 each, with interest at Seven per centum per annum, PAYABLE QUARTERLY, on the first day of JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, and OCTOBER, in each year; principal and interest payable at the office of the Union Trust Company in New York.
We call the attention of investors especially to this class of REGISTERED BONDS, which, on account of the SECURITY AFFORDED AGAINST LOSS BY ROBBERY, FIRE, OR OTHERWISE, and the PAYMENT OF QUARTERLY INTEREST, offer an investment peculiarly desirable.
A limited amount of these bonds can be purchased at 97 1-2, and accrued interest, upon application to
ROBINSON, CHASE & CO.,
18 BROAD STREET.

Financial & Commercial.

OUR FINANCIAL PREDICTION VERIFIED.

WHEN, on the strength of war rumors and sensational *canards*, the gold speculators were rushing up the premium on gold, and at the same time seeking to depress American securities, we predicted that the whole movement would be merely a temporary flurry in the market, leading to no permanent disturbance of our financial condition. We saw no reason for accepting the theory of either a large drain of gold or a large return of our securities held by foreign capitalists. We hence expressed ourselves hopefully as to the future; and that, too, whether the war then opening should prove to be a long or a short one.

Facts thus far have confirmed this view of the case. The amount of gold sent abroad is inconsiderable, certainly not sufficient to produce any scarcity in this market. The premium has lost about one-half of its recent rise. American securities have recovered from their sudden depression, and have, moreover, not been sent home to an extent productive of any embarrassment. The Bank of France has been authorized to suspend specie payment; and, if the war continues, Prussia will soon follow in the same line. Should the war become general, involving the leading nations of Europe, it will lead to a corresponding general suspension of specie payment. This will lessen the demand for gold, depress European securities, and produce an immense inflation of prices in paper currency.

Such a condition of things will, of course, be a great financial calamity to the belligerent nations of Europe; yet (supposing the United States to remain neutral, as will undoubtedly be the fact) this calamity will not and cannot extend its ravages to this country. We shall have an ample market for our surplus of agricultural productions, probably placing the balance of trade in our favor. The country will not be drained of its gold by any foreign demand. American securities will form the very best investment for foreign capital, and will be eagerly sought in preference to any others.

This market, under the manipulations of speculators, and perhaps sudden emergencies abroad, may fluctuate at times; yet our financial condition will be too solid and substantial to admit of any violent or disastrous changes. Such is our judgment, thus far confirmed by the course of events; and, so far as we can see, there is nothing in the future likely to alter it. Let the croakers and panic-makers blow off their steam—this is their profession; but let sensible people keep calm, and take a cheerful view of our financial future.

GOVERNMENT RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES.

THE following table contains an exhibit of the aggregates of the receipts and expenditures of the Government from the 30th of June, 1860, to the 30th of June, 1870:

Years.	*Receipts.*	*Expenditures.*
1860	$55,976,853 80	$63,025,789 24
1861	41,344,983 82	66,357,127 20
1862	51,935,720 76	474,744,781 22
1863	111,390,766 48	714,709,995 58
1864	299,625,717 44	895,284,087 86
1865	323,557,886 66	1,296,312,982 41
1866	560,250,353 09	520,809,416 99
1867	490,634,010 27	357,543,478 71
1868	405,638,083 23	337,340,384 96
1869	370,942,747 21	321,490,597 75
1870	408,831,372 42	292,111,969 31
	$3,087,155,475 30	$5,303,700,811 23

The difference between these two aggregates is $2,216,545,335 93. The average annual expenditure for a period of ten years is $530,370,081 12. The average annual receipts for the same period are $308,715,547 53. From 1860 to the close of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1865, the expenditures were largely in excess of the receipts. From the latter period to June 30th, 1870, the receipts very considerably exceeded the expenditures, in the aggregate amounting to $407,003,518 60.

In the following items we see for what the expenditures were incurred for ten years, ending June 30th, 1870:

For the Executive	$ 50,000,000.00
For the Judiciary, about	15,000,000.00
For the Army and Volunteers	1,140,632,060.94
For the Quartermaster's supplies, Engineers' and miscellaneous supplies of the War Department and Army	2,146,776,896.53
For Bounties from 1863 to 1870	98,208,000.00
For the Navy	480,043,081.25
For Pensions, naval and military	130,931,457.58
For the Indians	99,285,017.78
For Interest on the Public Debt	851,850,713.29
For Congress	26,969,649.78
For Public Buildings, over	17,000,000.00
For Postal deficiencies, over	25,000,000.00
For Improvement of Rivers and Harbors, nearly	13,000,000.00
For Foreign Intercourse, over	20,000,000.00
For Expenses of collecting Customs Revenue	52,594,811.63
For Expenses of collecting Internal Revenue since 1866	30,000,000.00
For various miscellaneous expenses, over	175,000,000.00

We have compiled the above figures from an interesting statement prepared by the Treasury Department, showing in detail the financial history of the Government for the last ten years. At the commencement of this period the public debt was about one hundred millions of dollars, and now it is more than two billions.

THE NATURE OF MONEY.

THE generic attribute which distinguishes all money consists in the agreement of men to use certain things as an established medium for the exchange of other things and the payment of debts. This circumstance gives to money its peculiar character, marks out its functions, constitutes the ground of its convenience and utility, and also makes it the standard measure of all values. These values acquire the relation of easy exchangeableness through the medium of money, which is recognized as their common representative.

The material best fitted to serve this purpose should be durable, so as not to deteriorate by time or use. It should also be divisible without injury, so that by its divisions it may measure and express varying degrees of value. It should be portable, that it may without difficulty contain large values in a comparatively small bulk. It should have characteristic natural properties, so that it may be easily distinguished from all other substances, and hence least liable to counterfeits and impurities. It should, as far as possible, have but little fluctuation in its intrinsic value, considered in reference to the labor-cost of its production. Its natural sources of supply should be less than those of the commodities it measures, and yet not so limited as to cause great inconvenience in procuring it in sufficient quantities.

These conditions, each for its special reasons, when most perfectly combined in any given substance, point thereto as the material that will, on the whole, best answer as the medium of exchange and the measure of values. Furs in some countries, cattle in others, bits of leather in others, shells in others, cubes of packed tea in others, blocks of salt in others, iron and copper in others—all these articles and many others have been used for this purpose. Costly jewels and precious stones have naturally some of the properties which fit them to be money; and they have often which equally unfit them. They are not divisible without injury, many of them not durable, and nearly all of them too scarce to furnish a supply adequate to the world's wants. The truth is, the globe contains but few articles that are well adapted to meet the requirements of a good monetary medium.

The judgment of mankind, especially in all civilized and progressive nations, has long since fixed upon *gold* and *silver* as the substances which, more than any others, or than all others put together, combine the qualities and conditions that fit them to serve the great purpose of money. No other substances unite the necessary qualities in so great a degree, with so many subordinate advantages. The discovery of this fact is the reason why these two articles have so long and so universally taken the precedence of all others. So general a choice must have a basis in the nature of things; and this basis we readily perceive by simply studying the physical properties and conditions of gold and silver.

A paper currency added to those metals, and deriving its representative value from them by being convertible into them, is a great convenience to trade; but the experience of the world is that no such currency can with advantage take their place and dispense with their use. Having almost no *intrinsic* value in itself, and being capable of unlimited production at a very cheap cost in labor, it must of necessity be an exceedingly variable standard of value. It cannot, if inconvertible, meet the prime conditions of the best form of money. It has been occasionally resorted to in peculiar emergencies; yet it has always proved its inadequacy to the task. We hence conclude, on the basis of experience (which is certainly our safest guide), that the best monetary scheme which it is possible to devise is the one that makes the precious metals the ultimate standard of value, and at the same time adds to them the issue of paper money convertible into them, in order to economize their use, increase their power, and promote the public convenience. Neither, if taken by itself, can make as perfect a system as the two in combination.

Some theorists on money seem to us to have a paper mania against gold and silver, while others have a gold and silver mania against paper. We cannot accept the extreme position of either class. Each sees an unquestionable truth; but neither sees the whole truth. The happy medium between the two gives the monetary system that is best sustained by the experience of the world. Trade wants a paper currency to remedy certain inconveniences incident to a purely metallic medium; and this very currency needs the precious metals as a basis of its representative value. While we have no faith in the thousand and one summary schemes for the resumption of specie payment in this country, we thoroughly believe in the desirableness and ultimate necessity of such resumption, and also in its future accomplishment by the gradual progress of events. This process cannot be precipitated to advantage. Time and growth, with their slow and gentle transitions, are and must be the masters of the occasion.

FOREIGN BONDS IN THE LONDON MARKET.

A RECENT number of the London *Economist* contains a tabulated statement of the rise of prices within the past year of foreign national bonds in the London stock market, which evinces a strong tendency toward this class of investments. We give some of these figures as follows:

	May 28, '69.	*May 29, '70.*
U. S. Five-twenties, 1862	79½	89
Argentine 6 per cent., 1868	79	94
Brazilian 5 per cent., 1865	80½	91½
Chilian 6 per cent., 1867	96½	101½
Italian 5 per cent., 1861	56¾	57½
Italian Tobacco Loan	85	91½
Russian Anglo-Dutch, 1866	89¾	93¾
Spanish 2 per cent., 1867	38½	31½
Turkish 5 per cent., 1865	43¾	50¼

In another table the *Economist* shows the proportion of this increase which occurred between the months of November and May last as follows:

	Nov., 1869.	*May, 1870.*
U. S. Five-twenties, 1862	83½	89
Argentine 6 per cent., 1868	84¾	94
Brazilian 5 per cent., 1865	84	91½
Chilian 6 per cent., 1867	99	101½
Italian 5 per cent., 1861	53½	57½
Italian Tobacco Loan	85	91½
Russian Anglo-Dutch, 1866	92	93¾
Spanish 3 per cent., 1867	26½	31½
Turkish 5 per cent., 1865	43¾	50¼

The *Economist* says that these figures "show a great increase during the year in the taste for investments of this species, and the taste is rapidly augmenting; for much more than half the increase shown by this table has taken place within the last six months." The reasons which have operated simultaneously to lift the price of these foreign securities in the London Stock Market must have reference to the market itself rather than their real value. Not one of them in real value is equal to United States Five-twenties; yet the percentage of increase in respect to several of them is greater, and four of them sell for a higher price than Five-twenties.

This feature of the London Stock Market settles the question that at the present time there is no hope of placing upon that market a four or even a five per cent. United States bond at par. If six per cent. Five-twenties are not at par, then surely a bond drawing a lower rate of interest will not be so. Foreign capitalists will not exchange their present bonds for new ones with less interest; and they certainly will not buy the latter at par so long as they can buy the former with higher interest for some ten per cent. less than par. Mr. Boutwell's policy has contributed an important influence in raising the credit of our bonds in the foreign market; and, as we may reasonably presume, the continuance in the same general line of policy will aid in lifting this credit to a still higher point. The time will come when the foreign capitalist will be glad to take a five or even a four per cent. bond at par; but manifestly this time has not yet come.

We have been of the opinion, from the very outset of the discussion in respect to funding bills, that any new bonds to be issued at cheaper rates of interest, as substitutes for existing ones, must in the first instance look mainly to the home market, and here be placed at par before there could be any reasonable hope of their success with foreign capitalists. We must give these bonds credit at home in order that they may have credit abroad. For this purpose we believe that a funding bill could and should be so framed as to provide for the issue of a new bond to be accepted and used as the basis of national banking. This is the first point to begin with, and we see no hope of any immediate success except by beginning here. Grant to the national banks such immunities, tax exemptions, and advantages as justice requires; and then we go for a compulsory banking bond at a lower rate of interest, as the first step in funding any portion of the national debt. This will dispose of the larger part of the Five-twenties in this country, and prepare the way for such further legislation as the facts may demand. Congress must in some way secure the acceptance of the new bonds by the banks; or it may as well, for the present, postpone the funding idea, and wait till the general market is in a condition to respond to it. Funding bills that do not go into effect are not worth the paper on which they are written. Let us have one that *will* take effect, or none at all.

RAILWAY STATISTICS.

THE annual statement of the railroads of Massachusetts for the year ending November 30th, 1869, made by Mr. Warner, secretary of the commonwealth, presents the following facts:

Number of railway companies	47
Capital paid in	$83,977,068
Debt	49,418,141
Cost of roads and equipment	111,720,616
Assets	12,695,615
Miles of road	1,241
Gross income for the year	24,539,722
Expense of working	17,542,993
Interest paid	1,045,772
Net income	5,926,613
Surplus, November 30th, 1868	5,891,078
Percentage of dividends	6.64

This exhibit shows that the railways of Massachusetts did a profitable business for the year ending November 30th, 1869. The net income of $5,926,613 was paid in dividends on a capital of $67,099,730, belonging to the stockholders of dividend-paying roads. One of those roads paid a dividend of 14 per cent.; six of them paid 10 per cent.; one of them paid 9 per cent.; seven of them paid 8 per cent.; and the dividends of the other dividend-paying roads ranged from 7 down to 1½ per cent. Most of the roads paid a dividend. Massachusetts is the banner state in railways, having a larger mileage in proportion to territory than any other state in the Union.

The railroads of Ohio, for the year ending June 30th, 1869, show, by their returns to Mr. Wright, the commissioner of railroads of the State of Ohio, the following facts:

Number of companies	31
Miles of road	5,992
Cost of roads and equipments	$321,661,115
Capital stock paid up	146,489,129
Funded and floating debt	186,877,611
Earnings on passengers	15,611,288
Earnings on freight	32,536,299
Total earnings	51,110,529
Operating expenses	33,701,316
Net earnings	15,387,294
Interest paid	4,679,156

The railroads projected or in process of construction during the year ending June 30th, 1869, were three, having a capital stock of $1,200,000 and a mileage of 87 miles. Twenty-three railroads were incorporated during the same period, with a proposed stock capital amounting to $35,500,000. Considerably more than half the cost of the railroads of Ohio exists in the form of funded and floating debt, and this is one of the reasons why these roads are unable to pay dividends in proportions equal to those of Massachusetts railways.

The returns of the Erie Railway Company for the year ending September 30th, 1869, to the legislature of this state, show the following figures:

Capital stock	$73,636,910
Funded debt	28,308,800
Total	$101,945,910
Earnings:	
Passengers	$3,429,629 18
Freight	13,046,808 76
Other sources	945,067 40
Total	$16,721,500 34-$16,721,500 34
Expenses:	
Operating expen's	$13,718,085 43
Interest	1,703,778 00
Rents	824,020 00
Total	$16,245,878 43-$16,245,878 43

This exhibit for the Erie Railway shows a balance of earnings, after paying expenses, interest, and rents, to the amount of $475,621 91; and this is anything but flattering to the management of the road. This balance is not sufficient to pay 7 per cent. dividend on its preferred stock, to say nothing of the $70,000,000 of common stock. The capital stock of the road was increased during the year, by new issues, to the amount of $32,234,700, while its debt was reduced by only $4,893,735 81. Erie certainly is in a very bad way. The stockholders, both foreign and American, have been enormously swindled. The history of railways in this country has been disgraced by a vast many frauds in the way of secret manœuvers and "watering processes"; but among them all Erie stands pre-eminent on the roll of infamy. Though the road itself is a most valuable franchise, the company is hopelessly bankrupt, as the fruit of fraud and mismanagement. Under the present *régime* the stockholders may not only bid farewell to dividends; but also consider their stock as about worthless, except for the mere purpose of speculation.

We call the attention of our readers to the card, on the fifth page, of Thomas Denny & Co., 39 Wall street. This old and well-known house invites attention to several first-class railway bonds.

WE HAVE A LIMITED AMOUNT
of choice Railway Bonds, bearing seven per cent. interest in gold, for sale at 87½ and accrued interest in currency.
Also Bonds of various Towns and Counties in the State of Illinois, bearing 10 per cent. interest, for sale at prices to suit the times.
HENRY H. BOODY & CO.,
12 Wall street, N. Y.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—During the week we have had declining markets, marked by extreme depression and general lifelessness in the trade. The attendance at the Produce Exchange has been quite as large as usual; but the complete absence of speculative feeling at the values current and continued reports of receding values at Mark Lane and in Liverpool caused holders to gradually yield to the generally cautious buyers. The decline in Western markets has further impaired the strength which was the ruling feature at last writing of Wheat. The export demand for Spring Wheats has been generally confined to the filling of old freight engagements and on steamer account, while in Winters there has been no movement to Europe worthy of note. Our stock of Winters is closely confined to those speculators who purchased so freely at $1 57@$1 60—one party alone carrying 150,000 bushels. The movement of Winters from Cleveland and Toledo has been heavy, and we shall soon have augmented supplies. On Monday's market so little was done that it was difficult to clearly define values. While Winters in car-lots to the milling trade sold at $1 45@$1 48, full boat-loads of choice were offered, without buyers, at $1 43 @$1 44. No notice samples of New Minnesota Spring, of which the No. 1 grade weighs 64 lbs. imperial to the measured bushel, and 60 lbs. to the bushel by Chicago and Milwaukee custom-house weight, and there is a wide margin to tempt shippers. Our exports for the week include 333,140 bushels, of which 87,117 goes hence to Liverpool, 95,483 to London, 53,698 to Glasgow, and 96,843 to other ports of the United Kingdom. Ocean freights have declined to 6*d.* steam to Liverpool, which is 50 per cent. reduction from the highest rate attained. Corn steadily declined until Friday last, when an extensive operator gave strength to prices by free purchases at 88@90 cts., and outside lots ruled at 92 cts. ere the close. The decline in food and the free current on Oats, with free arrivals in expectation, has checked the upward movement, and, with sales for the week of 424,000 bushels, the market closes decidedly tame. Oats have been in active request for the choice grades of Ohio, and State and Old have the preference with the trade, while choice White New are yet offered moderately and command good prices. Western Old have ruled very dull, and were difficult of sale at over 50 cts. per bushel until Friday, when the decline current on Oats, with free arrivals in expectation, has checked the upward movement, and, with sales for the week of 424,000 bushels, the market closes decidedly tame. Oats have been in active request for the choice grades of Ohio, and State and Old have the preference with the trade, while choice White New are yet offered moderately and command good prices. Western Old have ruled very dull, and were difficult of sale at over 50 cts. per bushel until Friday, when the demand improved. We notice that the receipts at Chicago and Toledo continue heavy, while any hope of relief by exportation seems now to have been dispelled by the Liverpool decline to 3*s.* 7*d.* Flour has at times evinced some symptoms of panic in prices. The decline has been most marked in the low and medium grades. There has been more steadiness in fresh-ground Shipping Extras. Fully two-thirds of the contract Flour has been rejected as unsound, and been resold for export at $5 25@$6 per barrel. New is more plenty, but has not sold freely. Old Family Extras are not sought after. The exports of the week have been 74,240 barrels, against 10,600 barrels same week last year. The sales of the week were only 55,700 barrels. Barley has ruled very quiet; there is nothing offering. Barley Malt is scarce and in fair demand at improved prices. Sales of 4,700 bushels at $1 37 for good Canada West and $1 25@$1 30 for State. Rye has been in limited demand; and, with moderate offerings, prices are sustained. Sales of 2,500 bushels, in small lots, at $1 20@$1 25 for State and $1 15@$1 20 for New Western.

COFFEE.—The demand for Brazils has been less active, and mainly in the way of small lots required for the special necessities of the regular trade. On the fine grades prices remain steady, but common qualities dull and generally weak. Java is in a little better demand, but not active, and outside figures difficult to realize. West India styles plenty, dull, and nominal. We quote in coin as follows: Rio, in bond, 20½@11¾ cts. for fair to good cargoes; do., duty paid, 14¾@18 cts.; Java, 19½@22 cts.; Maracaibo, 17@19 cts.; Laguayra, 18@19 cts.; Ceylon, 17¾@19 cts.

COTTON.—The buoyancy in the Liverpool markets has led to renewed hopes that some of the stock here may be wanted to go abroad; but the actual demand has been mainly from domestic spinners, and not very active. Prices were sustained as well as circumstances would admit; but there was not much firmness beyond the first-class manufacturing grades, and under all circumstances holders have quickly accepted full bids—a great many desiring to get rid of stock as early as possible. For future delivery there has been very little inclination to operate, and an uncertain, feverish tone on all months. The close is weak at 17¾ cts. for August, 16¼ cts. for September, and 16¼ cts. for October—all on basis of Low Middling. The general market closes dull and heavy at 19¾ cts. for Middling Uplands and 18¾ cts. for Low Middling.

MOLASSES.—The liberal stock of all kinds are freely offered at still lower prices, but do not attract attention; and the market continues in a dull, flat state, with only now and then a call from the trade at boiling, though there is said to be quiet sales making for distilling purposes. We quote nominally at 30@38 cts. for Cuba, 30@37 cts. for Muscovado, 32@43 cts. for New Muscovado, 40@60 cts. for Porto Rico, and New Orleans 90@95 cts.

PROVISIONS.—There has been an extremely dull and unpromising market for all descriptions; and where any important sales were made they were forced, with the natural result of lower prices. Mess Pork gave way slowly but surely under pretty free offerings, in a quiet manner, and an evident determination to the part of certain holders to close out stock; and even at the decline the offerings did not appear to be much wanted. Prime Mess has been greatly neglected, and somewhat nominal; though dealers generally were talking up to about former figures. The general market closes with a dull tone in Mess and fair offerings; but there is apparently a better demand for Prime Mess for export. We quote at $25@$26 for Prime and Extra Prime, $31@$32 for Prime Mess, and $29@$29 12½ for Mess. For future delivery Mess is worth about $29 for either September or October. Beef has been moderately active in a jobbing way, but very firm; the small and easily-controlled supply giving holders much advantage. We quote at $12 50@$16 50 for Plain Mess and $16@$19 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef has been moderately active, with sales at $27 30 for Prime Mess. Beef Hams remain nominal. Cut Meats have been quite dull, and holders willing to meet any ordinary call on easy terms; though former extreme figures are quite retained. We quote at 19@21 cts. for ordinary to fair Tight Tierce and Bagged Hams, and 21¼@24½ cts. for Prime to Fancy do. Bacon moderately active but steady at about 15¾@15½ cts. for long, clear Ice-house Cured. Lard has not met with much demand. The offerings were larger, and prices gradually receded. At the close the market is quite dull and heavy, but the offerings small. We quote at 15¾ cts. for No. 1, 16¼@16¾ cts. for City, and 16¼@16¾ cts. for Western Steam. For the next two months 16¾ cts. is bid and 16¾ cts. asked, and for December a sale has been made at 15¾ cts.

RICE.—The supply is small, easily managed, and the sales fair, with holders asking extreme rates on choice, but allowing easier terms on common grades. We quote Carolina at 8¾@9¼ cts.; Rangoon 7¼@7¾ cts., currency, duty paid; and Rangoon, in bond, 3@3¼ cts., gold.

SUGARS.—Very moderate wants of refiners and the trade and a decline in gold has brought the market at times to an almost complete standstill. Holders refused to concede, and buyers flatly refused to operate unless ½@¾ cts. easier terms were allowed, and between them no business of importance was done. At the close the demand is still very moderate and the feeling heavy, though it is very difficult to obtain any reduction in rates. We quote at 9⅝@9¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 10¼@10¾ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 10¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined are in very light demand and prices generally lower, at 13¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed and 13@13¼ cts. for White "A."

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUG. 16TH, 1870.
[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.—The demand continues moderate and the market is steady.

MILCH COWS.—There has been only a moderate demand and the market is firm.

VEAL CALVES.—The demand is fair and the market is steady.

SHEEPS AND LAMBS.—Trade is dull and prices are lower.

SWINE.—The market is dull and prices are rather weak, closing unsettled at 12@12¼ cents.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra	15 @16¼	15 @16¾
First quality	13¾@15	15¼@15¾
Second quality	14½@15	14 @15
Third quality	12 @13¾	12 @13¾
Inferior	8 @10	7 @10
Average of all sales about	@13¾	@13¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.
COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	$75@$85	$75@$85
Good	70@ 75	70@ 75
Common	60@ 65	60@ 65
Inferior and Common	35@ 45	35@ 45

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice	10 @11	10 @11
Good	7½@ 9½	7½@ 9½
Common	6¼@ 7½	6¼@ 7½
Inferior	5 @ 6¼	5 @ 6¼

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	per lb. 6¾@ 7¾	6¾@ 7¾
Extra	" 6¼@ 6¾	6¼@ 6¾
Good	" 5¾@ 6¼	5¾@ 6¼
Common	" 4¾@ 5¾	4¾@ 5¾
Inferior	" 4 @ 4¾	4 @ 4¾
Extra Lambs	" 8 @ 9	8 @ 9¾
Good	" 7 @ 8	7 @ 8
Common to Fair	" 5 @ 7¼	5 @ 7¼

SWINE.

	Live. per lb.	*Dressed.* per lb.
Corn-fed	@—	12 @12¾

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

TUESDAY EVENING, Aug. 9, 1870.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, is more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city, worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.	12½	Wamsutta	7¾
Merrimack, D.	12	Wenrgam	7¾
Cocheco, D.	12	Arnold	9
Manchester	11½	Spencer	11½
Pacific	11½	Richmond	11½
Americus	11½	Glenmore	11
Dunnells	11½	Mourning	10
Allens	11	Lancaster	11
Manchester	11½	Oriental	11

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Roanoke	13½
Berkshire	13	Glasgow	12½

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14	Pepperell, E	13½
Lawrence, F	13½	" F	12½
" G	11½	" G	11½
" H	10½	" H	10½
Pacific, Extra	14	" I	9½
" H	11½	" K	8½
" I	10½	" L	7½
Atlantic, A	14	Best, S	11
" H	12½	" H	10
" I	10½	" I	9
Arawam, E	13½	Appleton, A	13½
Stark, A	14	Laconia, H	11½
Massachusetts, H	11½	" I	10½
" I	10½	Lyman, E	13½
Indian Head	11½	" F	12½
" L	9½	" G	11½
Exeter, A	14	Vermont, A	13½
Medford	11½	Ingham Orchard, A	12
Augusta	11½	" B	11
" D	9½	" C	10
Pittsfield, A	11½	" D	9
Kennebec, F	11½	Great Falls, H	13½
Bedford, H	11½	" I	11½
Pocasset	13½	" K	10
" L	11½	Dwight, A	14
" K	12½	" B	13
Newmarket, A	13½	" C	12

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills, 44	22½	Lonsdale, 44	11½
Wamsutta, 44	21½	Ballou & Son, 44	13
" 36	18	" 36	11½
Tuscarora,